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The Saturday Review of Literature

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

IN THIS ISSUE · ELLEN GLASGOW · WILLIAM SAROYAN · J. B. PRIESTLEY · OSBERT SITWELL FORD MADOX FORD · CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

VOLUME XI NUMBER 21
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1934

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William Beebe's

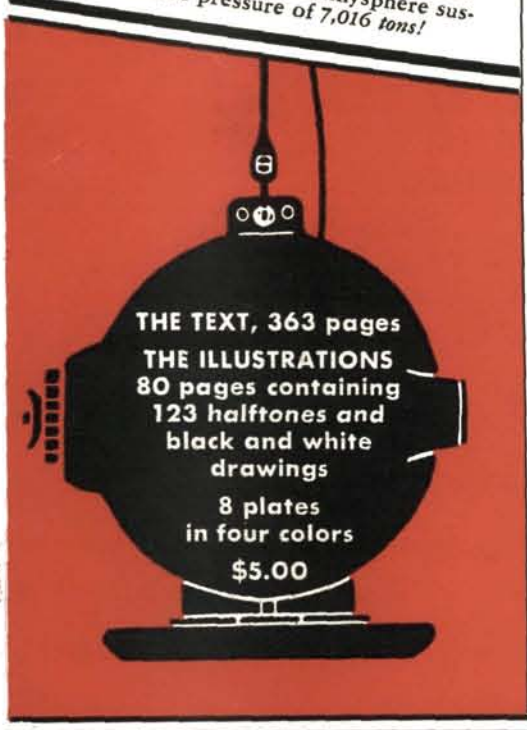
author of JUNGLE PEACE,
NONSUCH: LAND OF WATER, etc.

HALF MILE DOWN

Good books are keys to new worlds. How literally true this is of HALF MILE DOWN! All we have known of oceans is a rich heritage of history, song, and story; and yet it is only the history of the surface of oceans. "Let us break the surface in a third dimension," says Beebe. Given a diving helmet, thousands upon thousands of miles of a magical new world are added to our experience of planetary life.

He tells of the Kingdom of the Helmet, the underwater ribbon of territory near the shore, from six to [illegible] feet deep, where adventurin[illegible] earthly experience amidst bri[illegible] tling forms of life. Here [illegible] the common [illegible] are like totally different creatures seen in their own element. "There may be a host of terrible dangers," says Beebe, "but in hundreds of dives I have never encountered them."

The story swiftly turns to the bathysphere, to the many exciting dives it has made possible. Before its invention, a diver in an armored suit could go down only 525 feet. (A submarine goes only 380 feet.) Beebe has visited submarine kingdoms never before entered by living men. On his last dive, to the dangerous depth of 3,028 feet, the bathysphere sustained a total pressure of *7,016 tons!*



Front-page news stories the world over greeted the completion of one of the most daring scientific exploits of modern times when Dr. Beebe and Otis Barton descended 3,028 feet into the ocean in the bathysphere, the 5,000-pound steel sphere which has revolutionized deep-sea exploration. The first full-length account of this achievement is the climax of HALF MILE DOWN, a notable, thrilling addition to the literature of science and adventure. It is a book filled with wonders as fascinating and colorful as the Adventures of a Marco Polo. With the great difference, of course, that Dr. Beebe is primarily a scientist, one of the most courageous and skillful of modern explorers. His stories, as marvelous as fairy tales, are as true as his research.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1934 — NUMBER 21

FRANZ WERFEL

Forty Days of Good and Evil

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH. By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SAROYAN

NINETEEN years ago five thousand Armenian inhabitants of seven peaceful villages on the north coast of Syria were ordered by the Turkish military government (not by the Turkish people) to abandon their homes and walk a thousand miles or more through desert country to Mesopotamia and wait there until the world emerged from war and the Turkish government was no longer in danger. A place called Derez-Zor was named as their destination, but in reality their destination was death.

The time had come for the annihilation of all Christians in Asia Minor. The world was mad with the lust to kill. No nation could point an accusing finger at the government of Turkey for its little indulgence. Who cared about a handful of Armenians? Political crimes were the rule, not the exception. England was at war. France was at war. Germany was at war. Russia was at war. Western civilization had run amuck. Why couldn't the East enjoy its private fit of barbarism? Destruction was the major occupation of all great races. The strong were killing, the weak were being killed.

Instead of walking meekly to this humiliating death, however, these Armenians voted to die defending their lives and faith and property, and secretly assembled on the summit of Musa Dagh, the Mountain of Moses, taking with them two hundred confiscated Turkish rifles, sheep, goats, cows, mules, food supplies, implements. In this place they swiftly built a military defence, organized a government, established order among the shocked and bewildered people, and waited for the coming of the enemy. So much is historic incident. On the basis of it Franz Werfel has built his story. According to this the supreme leader of the devoted band was Ter Haigasun, priest of the Armenian Gregorian church. Their military leader was Gabriel Bagradian, a visitor from Paris to the home of his ancestors in Yoghonoluk, an officer in the Turkish army, deprived of his passport to return to Paris with his French wife Juliette and his fourteen-year old son Stephan.

Forty days and nights they lived and died on this mountain, driving off their

(*Continued on page* 350)

One Way to Write Novels

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

NOTHING, except the weather report or a general maxim of conduct, is so unsafe to depend upon as a theory of fiction. Every great novel has broken many conventions. The greatest of all novels defies every formula; and only Mr. Percy Lubbock believes that "War and Peace" would be greater if it were another and an entirely different book. By this I do not mean to question Mr. Lubbock's critical insight. "The Craft of Fiction" is the best work in its limited field, and may be studied to advantage by any novelist. In the first chapters there is a masterly analysis of "War and Peace." Yet, after reading it with appreciation, I still think that Tolstoy was the best judge of what his book was about and of how long it should be.

This brings us, in the beginning, to the most sensitive, and therefore the most controversial, point in the criticism of prose fiction. It is the habit of overworked or frugal critics to speak as if economy were a virtue and not a necessity. Yet there are faithful readers who feel with me that a good novel cannot be too long or a bad novel too short. Our company is small but picked with care, and we would die upon the literary barricade defending the noble proportions of "War and Peace," of "The Brothers Karamazov," of "Clarissa Harlowe" in eight volumes, of "Tom Jones," of "David Copperfield," of "The Chronicles of Barsetshire," of "A La Recherche du Temps Perdu," of "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne." Tennyson was with us when he said he had no criticism to make of "Clarissa Harlowe" except that it might have been longer.

The true novel (I am not concerned with the run-of-the-mill variety) is, like pure poetry, an act of birth, not a device or an invention. It awaits its own time and has its own way to be born, and it cannot, by scientific methods, be pushed into the world from behind. After it is born, a separate individual, an organic structure, it obeys its own vital impulses. The heart quickens; the blood circulates; the pulses beat; the whole body moves in response to some inward rhythm; and in time the expanding vitality attains its full stature. But until the breath of life enters a novel, it is as spiritless as inanimate matter.

Having said this much, I may confess that spinning theories of fiction is my favorite amusement. This is, I think, a good habit to cultivate. The exercise encourages readiness and agility while it keeps both head and hand in practice. Besides, if it did nothing else, it would still protect one from the radio and the moving picture and other sleepless, if less sinister, enemies to the lost mood of contemplation. This alone would justify every precept that was ever evolved. Although a work of fiction may be written without a formula or a method, I doubt if the true novel has ever been created without the long brooding season.

I have read, I believe, with as much interest as if it were a novel itself, every treatise on the art of fiction that appeared to me to be promising. That variable branch of letters shares with philosophy the favorite shelf in my library. I know all that such sources of learning as Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Percy Lubbock, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mr. E. M. Forster, and others less eminent but often more earnest, are able to teach me, or I am able to acquire. Indeed, I know more than they can teach me, for I know also how very little their knowledge can help one in the actual writing of novels. If I were giving advice to a beginner (but there are no beginners nowadays, there is only the inspired amateur or the infant pathologist), I should probably say something like this: "Learn the technique of writing, and having learned it thoroughly, try to forget it. Study the principles of construction, the value of continuity, the arrangement of masses, the consistent point of view, the

ELLEN GLASGOW

revealing episode, the careful handling of detail, and the fatal pitfalls of dialogue. Then, having mastered, if possible, every rule of thumb, dismiss it into the labyrinth of the memory. Leave it there to make its own signals and flash its own warnings. The sensitive feeling, 'this is not right' or 'something ought to be different' will prove that these signals are working." Or, perhaps, this inner voice may be only the sounder instinct of the born novelist.

If this were a treatise on the art of writing, how simple it would be to pursue it to its logical end—to any end, indeed, except the one that must begin the essay I am requested to write. But Dr. Canby did not ask for an article on prose fiction. He asked (intrepid spirit!) for the "highly personal statement" which Mr. James Truslow Adams aptly describes as "a flagrant offense against modesty." And immediately (though I am aware that my method or the lack of one, is not of the slightest interest to any human being but myself) the logical end becomes only a turning-point, and the dignified theory of fiction dwindles into the way I write novels.

The truth is that I began being a novelist, as naturally as I began talking or walking, so early that I cannot remember when the impulse first seized me. Far back in my childhood, before I had learned the letters of the alphabet, a character named Little Willie wandered into the country of my mind, just as every other major character in my novels has strolled across my mental horizon when I was not expecting him, when I was not even thinking of the novel in which he would finally take his place. From what or where he had sprung, why he was named Little Willie, or why I should have selected a hero instead of a heroine—all this is still as much of a mystery to me as it was in my childhood. But there he was, and there he remained, alive and active, threading his own adventures, from the time I was three until I was eight or nine, and discovered Hans Andersen and Grimm's Fairy Tales. Every night, as I was undressed and put to bed by my colored Mammy, the romance of Little Willie would begin again exactly where it had broken off the evening before. In winter I was undressed in the firelight on the hearth-rug; but in summer we moved over to an open window that looked out on the sunset and presently the first stars in the long green twilight. For years Little Willie lasted, never growing older, always pursuing his own narrative and weaving his situations out of his own character. I can still see him, small, wiry, with lank brown hair like a thatch, and eyes that seemed to say, "I know a secret! I know a secret!" Hans Andersen and the brothers Grimm were his chosen companions. He lingered on, though somewhat sadly, after I had discovered the Waverley Novels; but when I was twelve years old and entered the world of Dickens, he vanished forever.

In those earliest formative years Little Willie outlined, however vaguely, a general pattern of work. He showed me that a novelist must write, not by taking thought alone, but with every cell of his being, that nothing can occur to him that may not sooner or later find its way into his craft. Whatever happened to me or to Mammy Lizzie happened also, strangely transfigured, to Little Willie. I

(*Continued on page* 344)

This Week

COVER DESIGN
Concord, Massachusetts, in winter, seen from the road to Walden Pond. Photograph by Robert Disraeli.

HUMAN EXPLOITATION
By NORMAN THOMAS
Reviewed by Henry Pratt Fairchild

THE COMPLETE WINE BOOK
By FRANK SCHOONMAKER and TOM MARVEL
Reviewed by Ford Madox Ford

THE STRONG SCHOOL OF WOMEN NOVELISTS
By OSBERT SITWELL

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1934
Edited by HARRY HANSEN
Reviewed by J. B. Priestley

THE SANTA FE GROUP
By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Next Week or Later

BEHIND THE NEW DEAL
By CHARLES A. BEARD

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The Roots of Human Distress

HUMAN EXPLOITATION. By Norman Thomas. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

BY an interesting coincidence, within a day of the time I started reading Norman Thomas's new book I listened to a report, by a graduate student in a small class, of that famous little essay by the late William Graham Sumner, "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other." The summary answer which the author gives to the question posited in his title is, as many readers will recall, "Nothing." What most impressed me as I listened to the digest of the passages in which Sumner set forth his brilliant eulogy of capital, his studied brief for the rich man, and his glorification of the principle of laissez-faire, were the amused smiles on the faces of the other students. Their expressions were much the same as if they had been listening to Calvin Coolidge's notable dictum that all that is needed to ensure prosperity in this country is the ancient trilogy of virtues, "honesty, industry, and thrift."

A group of Sumner's pupils, fifty years ago when the book was written or at any time up to the date of his too early death, would not have smiled. Some of them might have looked mildly shocked, and others critical, but every face would have registered respect and admiration, and there would have been no trace of tolerant or contemptuous amusement at the obvious incongruity of his analysis.

So great has been the change in the dominant conditions of economic life and in the character of the philosophy that can interpret it!

Strikingly enough, Sumner's practical application of his formula still holds good, but on entirely different grounds from those that he relied on. It is indeed indefensible for A and B to put their heads together to decide what C shall do for D—but not because it is unwarrantably gen-

poured his scathing and entirely legitimate criticism represented a sentimental effort to help *individuals*, that was not based upon any knowledge of social science and made no attempt to correct the faulty structure of society. Today we realize more clearly than even a penetrating mind could have in Sumner's day—though Henry George displayed an impressive perception of the truth—that the basic cause of human distress, at least in its economic manifestations, lies in the system itself, and that no amount of charitable work with individuals, even though scientifically conceived, and backed by the power and authority of the state, can possibly be adequate to establish tolerable conditions.

Perhaps never before beween two covers has so convincing a demonstration been given of this truth, supported by abundant data, as in "Human Exploitation." Although the author refers continually to greed, rapacity, plunder, cruelty, and dishonesty, he leaves no doubt in the reader's mind, as presumably there is none in his, that these are largely concomitants, where they are not actually products, of a price-and-profit system powered by personal selfishness, steered by individualistic interest, and guided by the road-map of laissez-faire over the rocky, rutted highway of competition. Mr. Thomas takes his readers through farm and forest, into mine and mill, and through the jungles of race hatred and sex discrimination. Everywhere he discloses a system of private property and profit-seeking developing ugly characteristic features of gambling and speculation, class antagonisms, oppression, abysmal differentiation in levels of living; disease, death, and murder; and over, under, and through it all an appalling orgy of waste—waste of time, waste of effort, waste of irreplaceable natural resources, waste of human happiness and lives.

The book is profusely documented, not only with tables and statistical material, but also with concrete specific instances—case records—which serve to emphasize and visualize the voluminous body of facts. So vivid, so devastatingly convincing are these detailed pictures that the temptation is strong to quote from them at length. But the reader must turn to the book itself for this sort of enlightenment.

Two general conclusions stand out with exceptional clearness. The first is the extent to which the development of the modern economic system has upset many of our accepted values, and thrown some of the most cherished American traditions into reverse. For example, the ownership of private homes by working-class families has been a chief source of national pride. Today it has become a burden and loss, and a direct means of economic exploitation by limiting that mobility of labor upon which classical economics lays so much stress. Again, there has been scarcely a feature of our national policy in which we have taken greater satisfaction than our homestead system. But not only has this, combined with other land-grant methods, been shamefully abused and diverted from its main purpose, but also, as soon as the passing of the original homesteaders made farming a business, with overhead costs, the necessity for return on investment, and a debt structure of its own, there emerged such economic dislocations as led logically to the query whether the whole system was not a mistake, and the government might not have done better to retain the final title to farm land in perpetuity.

A second basic truth demonstrated by this book is that a very large part of the assumed profits which have seemed to justify laissez-faire economics, and have bolstered up the so-called capitalistic system, have really represented neither the rewards of ability nor of enterprise, but the appropriation of natural resources, the value of which was socially created but the title to which was individually established.

The volume as a whole confirms the conviction that the one outstanding uniform characteristic of those who have succeeded in the price-and-profit system is not venturesome, initiative, organizing and managerial skill, or inventiveness, but a strange quality for which there seems to be no better word than "ruthlessness"—an indifference to the suffering of other individuals, a willingness and a capacity to insulate oneself from the evidence of distress for which one is responsible, to immunize oneself from the germs of sympathy and compassion. Without such an endowment it is impossible to conceive how men who are good husbands and kind fathers can endure the existence of conditions of misery of which they cannot be ignorant, while accepting huge salaries and monstrous bonuses for themselves, even though rightly attributing the major fault to the system instead of their own innate inhumanity.

And instead of sharing the admiration that Sumner expressed for the good-nature of such plutocrats in contributing lavishly to the very causes that levy toll on them, we are forced to recognize in these munificent gifts a sordid sop to the individualized charity that helps to shut the eyes of a measurably compassionate public to the enormities of an individualistic, profit-motivated, speculative economy. If these largesses serve to forestall real reform they may be regarded by their donors as money well spent, especially as they bring a double meed of admiration from a pecuniary-minded populace—first for acquiring it and second for giving it away.

One closes this book wondering how much evidence of this kind must be accumulated, or in what more bludgeoning way it must be presented, before the conventionalism and inertia of the American people can be overcome sufficiently to demand and achieve a genuine reconstruction according to a pattern of whose salient features there can no longer be logical uncertainty.

Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor of sociology in New York University, is one of the leading exponents of the newer theories of social science.

DROPPING THE BATHYSPHERE
From "Half Mile Down."

Life in the Bathysphere

HALF MILE DOWN. By William Beebe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $5.

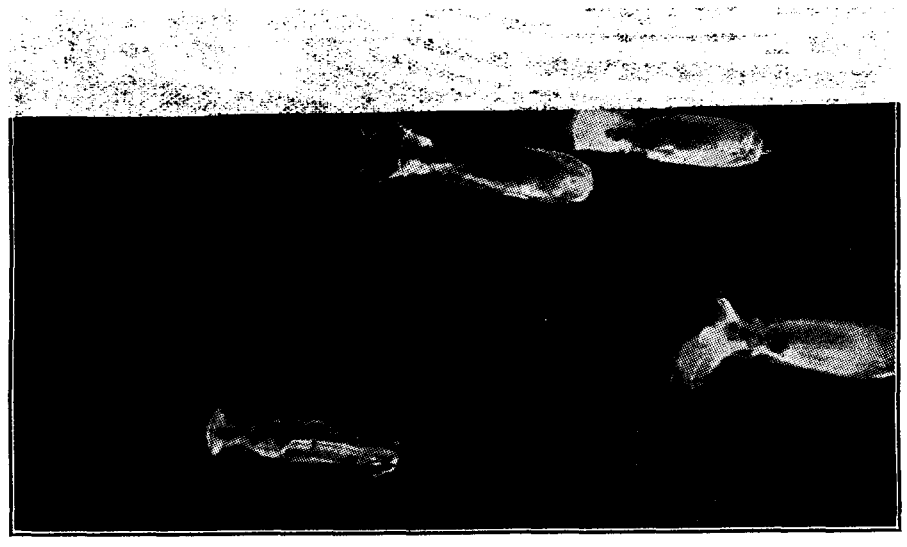
Reviewed by JOHN T. NICHOLS

THIS book is more than anything else a report on the author's deep-sea "diving" off Bermuda in the iron ball he calls a bathysphere. This summer he reached in it a depth of well over half a mile, penetrating far beyond the last appreciable ray of light from above into the perpetual black night of ocean depths. The objectives of this dangerous and costly enterprise have been fully attained, the bathysphere itself rests in the Hall of Ocean Life of the American Museum of Natural History, and this initial phase of first-hand exploration of the deep sea has been successfully completed. Some time may elapse before it is carried forward, time to allow of evaluation of data not obtainable by more standard indirect means, such as sounding and dredging, to devise more efficient equipment, or to increase its margin of safety.

Beebe is making this report to his reading public of today and to the world of tomorrow. Although one realizes that its materials have been thrown together hastily in order that we may have it so promptly, all the essentials are there, making a well though somewhat crudely balanced whole, which attests not only to his breadth of vision and of interests but to his skill as a compiler.

Let us pass over an interestingly presented review of diving equipment (from its earliest beginnings through various types of diving bells to the bathysphere as an apex of its evolution, pointed downward), which forms a background for details of the conception, construction and equipment, and behavior of this bathysphere. We can take for granted Dr. Beebe's vivid, personal, gushingly dramatic style which, if one admire it or not, reads easily and makes the author, the bathysphere, its descents into the abyss, and the strange life of these hidden waters as seen through fused quartz windows, seem very real. The interest and importance of the volume to a naturalist is its new light on the life and conditions of life in the ocean depths, an environment as remote in kind from any with which we are familiar as if it were on another planet.

Personally I am interested to read that red, the color of many sea creatures that live well down under the blue or green water, looks black even at intermediate depths where light from above is sufficient; that various so-called surface fishes descend deeper than previously known, and the peculiar ones of the deep come nearer the surface; that an ordinary Bermuda lobster of the shallow reefs, secured to the outside of the bathysphere, descended to over 350 fathoms and was drawn back to the surface with it, unharmed; not less interested because these things might have been postulated in advance. I read that fishes act and move in much the same tempo in the terrific pres-



ZEPPELIN SWIMMING SNAILS FLAP THROUGH THE WATER AT GREAT DEPTHS, SECURE IN THEIR THIN TISSUE SHELLS
From "Half Mile Down."

cent lights carried by many deep-sea animals, in the environment to which these lights are an adaptation, is most welcome. Then there are descriptions and figures of a few fishes well observed that Dr. Beebe has named, described, and figured, they were so unlike anything previously drawn up out of the depths in dredge or trawl. Of course he was unable to secure them. One (*Bathysphœra intacta*) is six feet long, another (*Bathysidus pentagrammus*) of surpassing beauty, with "lines of wonderful golden-yellow lights, each partly or wholly surrounded by purple lamps."

William Beebe and his companion and collaborator, Otis Barton (isolated in all but voice over the wire from their friends above on the sunny Bermuda sea), sank down, down into a strange, dark world never before penetrated by living man; but the briefness of the periods of time wherein the descents were made robs their adventure of some of its heroic aspect. It is true, however, that without good judgment, much careful planning, and some good fortune they would not have come up again, and man would recoil in fear of death or fear of folly, instead of being so much further ahead on the trail of the fabulous sea-serpent. This book should take its place in the annals of daring exploration; and just as the trained observer later finds details in memory the significance of which was at the time overlooked, future investigators of the deep may glean suggestions of value from it, which neither reader nor author could now point out.

John T. Nichols is curator of the Department of Fishes of the American Museum of Natural History.

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Photographer and Champion of Art

AMERICA AND ALFRED STIEGLITZ. A Collective Portrait. Edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld, and Harold Rugg. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

FOR one who has held for thirty years the anomalous position of a sympathetic outsider toward Alfred Stieglitz's various activities it is by no means easy to review this collection of twenty-five essays in his praise. Very few contemporaries could stand up under such a collective tribute, but I make no doubt Mr. Stieglitz will, for if he is a man who has made much happen, he is also a man who willingly lets things happen—even multiple eulogies.

If I make this notice mostly factual, that will be in Alfred Stieglitz's spirit. Factually, then, he is the most remarkable artist photographer of our times because he has made the camera do only what is proper to it—give a selective and unattenuated record of what has interested the photographer. His lucid sense of the fitting and authentic has kept him clear of

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
Photograph by Stieglitz, from "America and Alfred Stieglitz."

the solecism of forcing the sensitive plate to compete with the painting or the lithographic stone. It is the purity of his photography that gives it distinction and a ready entrance to cabinets of the graphic arts. Beyond this general statement, the reader may consult the book itself, especially the admirable essay, "The Boy in the Dark Room," by Paul Rosenfeld.

Apart from his work as a photographer, Mr. Stieglitz has been an extraordinary promoter of artistic personalities. Where he has sensed a genuine artist, he has given him unlimited support. To show us the first Rodin drawings, the first Matisses, Cézannes, Toulouse Lautrecs, Picassos have been only so many episodes in a long record of championship. For such American artists as yielded the tang of reality he has spent himself unreservedly. A few in retrospect seem swans merely dyed black; more were of the temper of Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin—artists who owe to Mr. Stieglitz their public and almost their place in the sun.

His championship has been of a most personal order. In his various galleries he met all comers, met them open-heartedly. For several years he published at a loss in behalf of his enthusiasms perhaps the most distinguished magazine on art that America has ever seen, *Camera Work*. Since his artists must live in order to produce, he was perforce a salesman, but a salesman of an unprecedented order. He was likely to spoil the sale of a picture to a buyer he thought unworthy of owning it, or to give a picture to a person who plainly needed it, but couldn't pay. With what seemed to him unreality or pose he would not traffic on any terms.

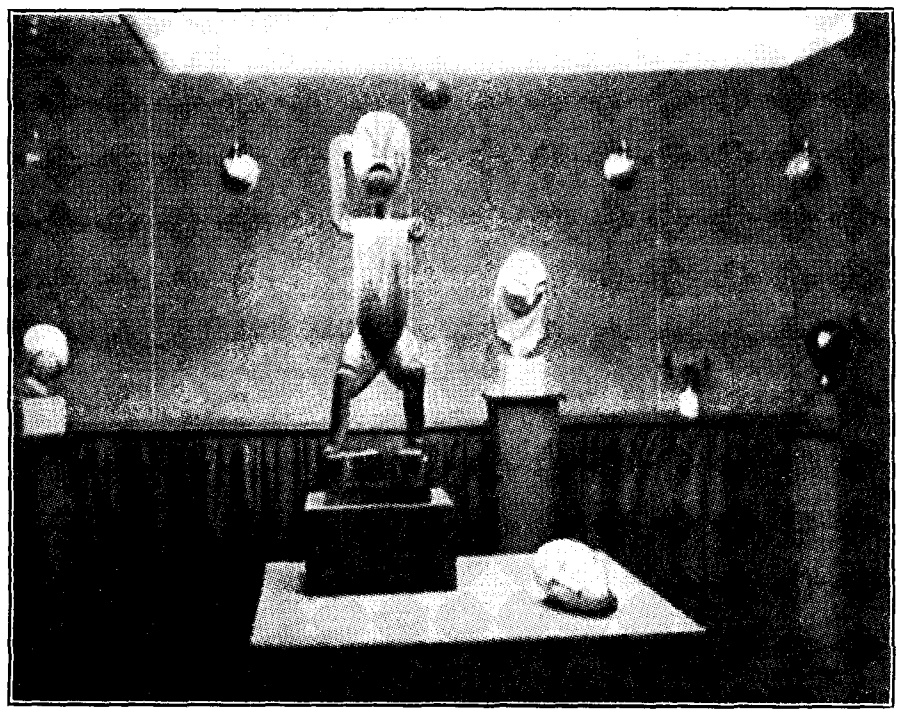
This is as much as to say that Mr. Stieglitz is an individualist of singular force and integrity. He is so sure of his case that he merely states or, more often, hints it, to be taken or left. He seeks to persuade no one; he waits. And his resolute individualism has ever had the grace of charitableness. One senses in him a tolerance, even a tenderness, for positions which must seem to him wholly false. I can imagine no more uncomfortable a presence for any insincere or pretentious person than Alfred Stieglitz. They break upon him, but he lets them engineer the collision. He does not bruise them; they bruise themselves. After a talk with Mr. Stieglitz, no one is quite the same.

But I am venturing the absurdity of a miniature portrait competing with a dozen more intimate portraits in this book. I return to a question I have often asked: Why has not the considerable influence of so remarkable a man been much greater? The implication of his principles being general, why has there been the air of a close corporation, a tinge of isolating preciosity, in his galleries from now historic "291" to "An American Place"? The answer seems to be given in the most searching essay of this collection, by Harold Clurman. In a word, while Mr. Stieglitz has been an extraordinary connoisseur of individuality, his grasp of the value of funded group opinion has been tentative. Such opinion always has such an adulteration of perfunctoriness and confusion, that a purist of Mr. Stieglitz's sort is tempted to ignore it utterly or even to scorn it unduly. At all times the difficulty of extracting the gold from the dross is staggeringly difficult, yet it remains the task of the prophet who would work in any large way. It is the failure to envisage this problem which has kept Mr. Stieglitz, who is unquestionably a seer, short of the influence of a prophet. He has dominated his group without forming an apostolate.

It seems to me also that the standards of admission to Mr. Stieglitz's exhibiting group have been gauged to fit distinguished idiosyncrasy rather than individuality in a broad sense. Many of our best have been invited in; as many of our best have not been invited. To be concrete, John Sloan, Glackens, and Jerome Myers seem to me quite as authentically individual and quite as important as Mr. Stieglitz's very talented trio. But their work was not highly novel, and it had a disqualifying group support. Such examples show why what might have been a school has remained a somewhat esoteric cult.

I cannot call the roll of authors of this rich and suggestive book. It starts not quite auspiciously; both Dr. William Carlos Williams and Mr. Lewis Mumford are too prone to treat our poor Old American scene as Alfred Stieglitz's whipping boy.

Perhaps the most distinguished contribution to the volume is "A Note on the Esthetic Significance of Photography," by Evelyn Scott. It raises briefly many issues of importance. Among other contributors are Herbert J. Seligman, Waldo Frank, John Marin, Paul Strand, and Gertrude Stein. By way of record there is a list of representative exhibitions arranged by Mr. Stieglitz—a truly remarkable roster, and, at the end, illustrations of Mr. Stieglitz's characteristic exhibits of both photography and painting.



AN EXHIBIT OF SCULPTURE BY BRANCUSI, ARRANGED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY STIEGLITZ. *From "America and Alfred Stieglitz."*

Admirable Aftertaste

THE COMPLETE WINE BOOK. By Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by FORD MADOX FORD

HERE is an admirable volume. I know of a couple of books as admirable when it is a matter of vintage wines, but none more sane and useful concerning the fringes of the great subject of wine. The chapter on the home manufacture of wines alone should confer so much benefit on this hemisphere that its authors might very validly lay claim to half the Nobel prize for at least the next decade; for during that period they may well prove to be the greatest benefactors of half humanity. If every American family during that period would study that chapter with attention, placing it, say, second to Washington's last address to Congress as its most frequently read lay text and drinking no other wine save that of its own manufacture—except for, say, a bottle of *Clos de Vougeot* of a good vintage year for Thanksgiving, one of *Ruedesheimer Bronnen, Winkeler Hasensprung,* or *Schloss Johannisberg* on Washington's birthday, of *Lachrima Christi* at Easter, of *Château Leoville-las-Cases* 1929 for Lincoln's Birthday, and of —on the authority of MM. Schoonmaker, Marvel, and George Saintsbury—*Tio Pepe* (a dry Sherry) with a few drops of *Château d'Yquem* for the children of ten and under, at Christmas—why then, the world might well be a sweeter place, and the great department stores and the Californian vine-murderers having been brought to their senses and the very last drop of bootleg-remains having been exhausted, these United States might well take their place amongst the great makers of daily wines of the world and wine be twice daily upon every American table from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate.

It is not my business, as a foreigner, to comment on American internal politics. It is perhaps even improper for me to say that I agree with every word that MM. Schoonmaker and Marvel write on the disastrous nature of post-Prohibition wine legislation. So I don't say it. But I will say that, during my life for the next ten years in this city I shall drink with my daily meals—as in the House of Commons they say of the House of Lords—another fluid. My purse will not run to the princely beverages; my stomach disdains the fluids sold by the sugar-wine Dukes; for me the plebeian-honest. America might well then follow my example and drink its good, light beers.

I must not be taken as wishing to adopt towards MM. Schoonmaker and Marvel the usual God-to-the-worm attitude of the reviewer. . . . A gentleman dealing for the press with my last book spoke of me as a lar-da-da Englishman, reclining on my terrace over the Mediterranean and sipping my *Château Yquem. . . . Château Yquem,* if you please! . . . "The Complete Wine Book" is for its scale absolutely impeccable, a few human and not necessarily American patriotisms to the contrary It is quite true that, in the large the Midi, the departments of Gard, Hérault, and the rest, does not produce very good wine. . . .

But we approach the matter from very different angles and belong to very differing schools. I want wine to be universally drunk, pure and as it comes from the vine over the whole surface of the habitable globe; and countries where the vine will not grow are for me not habitable. They on the other hand are interested in exquisitenesses. . . . So they can write, with perfectly good consciences: "As a matter of fact fully fifty per cent of the wine produced in France is perfectly terrible." . . . Or "This wine, known as *le vin de la Victoire,* we in America will be fortunate enough neither to see nor to taste. It is made in France exclusively for the home market and to supplement the national supply it was found necessary, in 1931, to import something over a billion bottles from Algeria alone." This last statement will be found funny enough by anyone really cognizant with the present *crise viticole*—the winegrowers' crisis in France today. . . . I wish those authors would not call them "vineyardists." . . . And I wish that I had a few cases of that very *pinard* or of any other of the "perfectly terrible" fifty per cent. I would dilute it half and half with water, as Providence means that we should do, and of it—as does the French workman to relieve his throat of dust on hot days—I would quaff deep drafts to relieve *my* throat of its intolerable dryness caused by the steamheat of my apartment and to stifle the sad thoughts that arise in me as I look down on the portals of the establishment that is selling the most wine of all America below my windows.

Children As They Are

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE. By J. H. Dowd and Brenda E. Spender. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE publishers described the forerunner of this book, "Important People," as a book that *was* children. And that is God's own truth about this book, too. Without emulating Swinburne in his age and going gaga about babies, I can truthfully say that the drawings in this book have completely captured me. The drawings are by Mr. Dowd and the letterpress by Miss Spender. The first book, issued three years ago, has run through three editions, and I sincerely hope the present one will have innumerable printings. It deserves them.

Children are people. And here are the children who are people. These pencil drawings are perfect, not merely as black and white but in their complete capturing of the expressions and gestures of closely-observed children of all ages. Some of the people pictured are utterly charming, but they are not sentimentalized—or very rarely. The dignity—and the absurdity—of them is equally present. And when Mr. Dowd turns to domestic animals in their relationships to children, he—well, he's one of the best animal draughtsmen I've ever run across.

Miss Spender, incidentally, says some sapient things about children: "To every child its own importance is absolute: it looks out through its own eyes on its own world and the new untried, uncompared 'me' is all it has to guess by or serve." That is well put. Also: "Very few children think of a pet animal as anything but another person: a person who has somehow got under a striped, furry skin or wears rough-haired, white all-over garments and a tail, but a real person for all that." Such a viewpoint persists, too. It has persisted in one of the most mordant of our contemporary satirists, Dorothy Parker.

The anecdotes of children that Miss Spender tells for the most part leave me fairly indifferent, but when I look again at Mr. Dowd's pictures, including several full-page charcoal and chalk drawings, I can only marvel. Take "An Important Person of Experience," on page 27; take the chance confrontation of child with calf on page 60. Oh, take any of these drawings! But take the book away from me—over my dead body!

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Education by Football

One of the lesser evils of the editorial writer's life is the Occasion. He writes an editorial for a Christmas number timed to appear some weeks before Christmas, and writes it on Thanksgiving day, though with no thanksgiving in his breast for this holiday punishment for slothfulness. Who can think of Christmas on Thanksgiving day? It is like imagining biscuit tortoni in the middle bite of a caviare sandwich!

Away, then, with Future Occasions, and back to the Current, which seems to be concerned at the moment (wars, politics, and relief, aside) chiefly with the 1934 results of The Great American Experiment in education by football. President Angell on one side and various football coaches on the other, leading the debate, have raised more sharply than hitherto this year, the question as to whether football (and by inference all athletics) is not vital in the American educational scheme.

The leaders in this discussion know what they are talking about, but the general [illegible] because it has never occurred to anyone to be in doubt.

Yet it is questionable whether there is any such thing as education in the absolute. It is a relative term, not an absolute, and there is, in practice certainly, only education for this or that. It was the chief purpose of Socrates in those dialogues which have so powerfully influenced many a man who has never heard of Plato, to discover for what education should be planned, to what it should lead.

Now that football (which may stand for all athletics) educates is of course beyond argument. But if one asks for what it educates, for what it prepares, no single answer will suffice. In a general fashion it teaches loyalty, persistence, coördination, and the willingness to take hard knocks in pursuit of a success which is defined as victory over an opponent. In a particular fashion it is a direct preparation for a highly competitive life in which energy and courage are used in the attempt to get more power than one's rival. In this competition means are the chief consideration, ends are usually left unanalyzed, it being tacitly assumed that if a man gets wealth and prestige he will make himself happy.

The question then is, sharply, for what do we educate? To compete successfully in the world as it is, accepting current definitions of success? Or to live a fuller and more reasonable life than the current world offers as an average, and to aim at, and successfully reach, a goal, which may be defined as the intelligent happiness of a civilized man all of whose faculties for successful living are fully exercised and who is adjusted both to his environment and to his own cultivated imagination? Do we educate for power over others or power over ourselves?

It should be clear that college education must concern itself with the ends as well as the means of living, otherwise it is at most a technique, and at least a training for employees or exploiters. Hence, generally speaking, education by football is part of its scheme only in so far as its general teaching of loyalty, persistence, coordination, and the willingness to take hard knocks is useful for any endeavor. These qualities are not education in the collegiate sense, since they can obviously be misdirected, they are aids to the carrying out of a college education. And it should be equally clear that the particular aims of football—success in competition with the satisfaction and prestige of success as the only goal, as power is the only goal envisaged in the outside world of competition—are more likely to be in opposition to than in agreement with the purpose of education for civilized living. This is true because the emphasis in competitive sports is exclusively upon victory and the means of securing it, while the ends of victory (what is to be done with it, how it can be made profitable for the kind of life which all the philosophers in spite of their disagreements in detail have agreed will make for happiness plus self-respect) are obscured by or negated by the very energies called out in the competition. Harmless and perhaps profitable in the field of sport, this ideal of victory for its own sake becomes dangerous if it is allowed to become a dominant idea in the minds of pliable youth.

And what if anything does this series of syllogisms contribute? Nothing, unless it is made clear that athletics is a good servant and a bad master, and that Socrates would have given short shrift to the intellectual weaklings who let the good game of football impose ideals as well as habits of energy healthily expended upon the American undergraduate. Is it the seizure of power, gentlemen, you are educating for, or its intelligent control and use? Is the idea to give good men the valuable experience of football, or to make the world over into the likeness of a football game, which ends when the other side is smashed—and not for fun; and in which the winner gets nothing but power, whose right use has not lain within the scope of his real education?

With which reflections on muddy think[illegible]

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, INDEED! THAT'S THE BOOK THEY BORROWED FROM US LAST AUGUST!"

Suggestion

of a Christmas dose of peace on earth, good will to men, but many millions in the world seem to want anything but peace and have forgot the very feeling of good will. Where beneficence fails satire may be of use. We suggest an international fund for the performing of Gilbert and Sullivan in those countries where muddy romanticism, dogmatic ruthlessness, and the exaltation of tribal patriotism most prevail. Compulsory attendance at "Iolanthe" might be arranged in every German city, with a front seat for Herr Goering. For Italy we suggest "The Mikado," and "Ruddigore." For Russia, "Trial by Jury." For Japan, "Pinafore." Given early and often some phrases might stick in the heated imagination of the mystical dictatorships of fascism, some gleams of humor and humanity penetrate the Russian laboratory. Perhaps it is too late for Gilbert. Men in the grip of violent experiment do not smile, least of all at themselves. If they could there would be more evolution and less revolution. Do not contribute to this fund. It would never be used. The air that Hitler breathes would stifle a Gilbert; Moscow would eject him; Rome refuse him; Japan present him with an honorable suicide. Only among the alphabets of Washington can one think of him as happily busy, rhyming Congress to the tune of "Into Parliament, into Parliament—"

What should be one of the important biographies of the next few years has just been announced in England. Professor George M. Trevelyan, who was an intimate friend of Britain's war-time Foreign Minister, has consented to write the life of Lord Grey of Fallodon, a choice of a historian which seems an ideal one. Mr. Trevelyan, like Grey, is a lover of nature and the literature of nature; he, too, is a Northumbrian and a Wordsworthian, a Liberal steeped in Whig memories and Liberal tradition. As to his competence as a social and political historian there can of course be no question. His book is to be published about two years hence.

To the Editor: *Alexander Smith; Titles for Novels*

Overwork

SIR:—Alexander Smith (of "Dreamthorp") died of overwork, all right. Says the DNB: "As family demands increased he found prose more readily profitable than verse and contributed to newspapers, magazines, and encyclopædias. Incessant labor overtaxed his strength."

I wonder what edition is in the U. of Vt. library, for I certainly read it there in 1916 or 1917. Wellington Aiken had the essay course. One pre-examination night which I spent at the Phi Delt house Louie Leutze (his grandfather painted "Washington Crossing the Delaware") and I, as an exercise in review, picked out a paper from the house's files and boned up on it. Aiken set us the same identical paper the next day.

[illegible] way, a lady whom I know here *writes Greek* without knowing or having ever known a single letter of it. The unbelievers writhe under it.")

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

A Leaf from Ambrose Bierce

SIR:—The recent jibes appearing in the newspapers indicate that the reading public is tiring of the vague and cryptic titles being given by writers to their recent books. Books are like other commodities in one respect: the purchaser desires at least a glimpse before buying. I believe authors are overlooking an important bit of reader's psychology. Many people are guided by the title when buying or reading a book. Many a good story remains unread for lack of a revealing or informative title.

It is refreshing to turn to Ambrose Bierce's stories and read the list of titles. Flat and unimaginative they may be, but they are never open to the criticism of being obscure. When one sees the title "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," he knows there will be a bridge at Owl Creek, and that something will happen there. Why dip into past literature, sometimes seemingly at random, for a sometimes vague allusion, when a good title can be focused into a few simple, suggestive words that will convey a message to the prospective reader? Imagine one of the Sherlock Holmes stories being titled: "He Has a Lean and Hungry Look," or "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" being called "With Cheek of Tan."

The next time a writer buys a shirt or a package of candy, let the revealing cellophane wrapper be a reminder that the manufacturer understands his public better than the author understands his.

HORACE REYNOLDS STAHL.

Desloge, Missouri.

Verses and Ears

SIR:—Thank you a thousand times for your review of Gertrude Stein's book. You showed the instincts of a gentleman without the evidences of perjury. Miss Stein has, no doubt, a grand ear, but yours is the first authoritative critical voice that has said that you cannot make silk verses out of a Stein's ear!

E. MCNEILL POTEAT, JR.

Raleigh, N. C.

Powys First Editions

SIR:—There has in various circles been a great deal of controversy provoked by the publication October 8th, of my book entitled "A Bibliography of the First Editions of John Cowper Powys," by The Ailanthus Press in this City. I have received various letters complaining of omissions of certain of Mr. Powys's books, namely the editions of "Suspended Judgments," "Visions and Revisions," and "One Hundred Best Books," as published by The American Library Service, New York. I would like to call attention to the title of my book: "A Bibliography of the First Editions of John Cowper Powys," which certainly does not imply that I presumed to compile a bibliography embracing all reprints and miscellaneous mate[illegible] nally published by G. Arnold Shaw, many years ahead of the editions by The American Library Service. True as some say the A.L.S. edition of "Suspended Judgments" did carry a special introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn, but in my opinion this fact does not entitle that edition of the book to be termed an authentic first edition of John Cowper Powys, any more than one could term the six little blue books of Haldeman-Julius, which are reprints of the same text, first editions.

LLOYD EMERSON SIBERELL.

P. O. Box 83, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Menckeniana

SIR:—Lionel White, who with Philip Blackburn edited "Logical Nonsense," the complete works of Lewis Carroll, recently published by Putnam's, is working on the biography of Henry L. Mencken. He is anxious to get in touch with anyone who may have information or data on the career of Mr. Mencken. Mr. White can be reached through the offices of Robert Thomas Hardy, Inc., 55 West 42nd Street, New York City.

ROBERT THOMAS HARDY.

New York City.

English Geneva Bible

SIR:—Last spring, I wrote regarding my plan for a survey of all English Geneva (Breeches) Bibles in libraries in the United States. This project is now nearing completion. Since it is quite possible that I may have missed some libraries which have such copies, I shall be deeply grateful to the librarians if they will inform me of such omissions. I am particularly eager to have a complete record of copies of the first edition of the New Testament (1557) and of the first edition of the complete Bible (1560).

GEORGE H. HARTWIG.

Dana College
Blair, Nebraska.

Walt Whitman's Letters

SIR:—I am compiling a census of the letters and post cards of Walt Whitman. If any of your readers possess these items, I would greatly appreciate their communicating with me.

ROLLO G. SILVER.

Box 672, Brockton, Mass.

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The Strong School of Women Novelists

BY OSBERT SITWELL

PRELIMINARY CHARGE

MONSTROUS Regiment,
You have hung up your harps of gold,
With unenviable magic
Have transformed them
To singing avenues of tin typewriters!
No longer, as of old,
You squat upon rectangular cubes
Of governess-green canvas
Amid iron dustiness and screeching bustle
Of foreign stations,
To write those endless letters to a friend;
Girlish descriptions of Mt. Blanc,
Swiss rhapsodies of edelweiss, cuckoo and cowbell.
No: you have mechanized yourselves
Until,
Just as the flashing waterfalls of which you wrote
Have since been harnessed to produce illumination,
So you have tapped your energy.
Your drumming fingers rap
Interminable novels of Life in the Raw; abominations
(Tip-tap, Tip-tap, Tip-tap,
O tippety-tap!)

PLEA

O most monstrous regiment
Of women-novelists,
Show mercy!
Remove your faces from the covers.
Quit querulous explanation
Of why your heroines take lovers,
Abandon bone-thin chatter
Of psychological reaction,
And the stark chasing of a recalcitrant complex
Through half-a-million words,
Renounce your daily reading of D. H. Lawrence
And announcements of what he means to you
(But what would he have *said to you, I wonder*?
What would he not have said?)
Cease your drinking of dank
—O so dank—tea
And all parade of fondness for your dog
—Intolerable extension
Of an already intolerable personality—
And listen—WILL you listen—to me!

INTERROGATION

Do you never think, monsters,
After, thank heaven, that the party is over,
After the last botulistic sandwich
Has poisoned the last publisher,
And the charwoman has reserved the tea-leaves
For a further cleaning of floors,
Do you never think, even then,
Of an empty cradle
And an empty kitchen?

Do you really consider
That the boastful yelping and yapping
Of your pink-eyed, white chrysanthemum-like Sealyham
Does duty for the questions of a child,
That companionship consists
In the bittern-boom of Bloomsbury,
And that as good things
Come out of the tin
As go into it;
Do you; *do* you?

OUT TO LUNCHEON

Consider again, then! Reflect upon your days. . . .
All through the morning
Between the rounds of aspirin and tea
You beat your hard tattoo of words;
Dark, meaningful words
That yet will fall, soft rain
To dampen the sprouting, cellar hearts
Of literary agents,
Weaving perpetually frustrated webs
Within the yellow glass towers of the fog.

Illustrations by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

Now strikes the hour
For luncheon with a publisher.
Toss your head, comb matted hair,
Fit gloves on skeleton-thin fingers.
Give a final titillating tug
To your *sombrero*.
Snap goes your handbag
—Repository of powerful germs—;
Click down the latch, stump out
and clamp
A smile of rustless steel upon your face
Remember, when you enter the assembly
To adopt a touch of farm-hand grace,
So ill at ease, you know, in cities:
But let the camera,
In its eternal moment of magnesium,
Surprise you looking strong.

LEAVING EARLY

Time to go; already time to go.

"What a *delightful* luncheon, Mr. Whimple,
Thank you; goodbye.
Goodbye, Mr. Smather (*dear* Mr. Smather), goodbye.
I *loved* your last book, Mr. Scrabble,
Goodbye, goodbye.
O, Mr. Smither, that review!
Entrancing, like all your work, so . . .
—well *you know*. . . .
Goodbye.
Goodbye, Mr. Whimple, again
And again.
What? . . . *Recommended*, did you say, by your society?
And you never told me until now?
(Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!)
And over there do I see Mrs. Whimple;
Can it really be,
And never a word with her?
Goodbye.
(Promise to come and see my chickens at the farm)
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye:
And again, Thank You."

AFTERNOON

Rush home. You have no time to thank
The boy who lifts you in a communal cage
Up to your floor. Insert the key,
Call drearily for tea, more tea.
Then drop your smile
Upon a shelf nearby
(It may be wanted in a while)
With hard, metallic rattle,
And type again
—For as the sea-slug, much esteemed in China,
Shoots out, when moved by anger or by fear,
Its entrails, so must you
Release these living words
To die within a sea of print—
Until the time comes round
For book-tea or book-talk,
Committee-meeting and a Pen-Club dinner.

SHAM ATLAS

O most monstrous regiment
Of prating, slate-like women,
Will it never be time
—I will not say for bed
But time—
For sleep?
Sham female Atlas,
Will you never let the willing world
Fall from your shoulders?
Abhorrent is your strength,
Faked muscles of stage strong-men
Fitted upon thin arms.
Will you never forego
The tinkle of the tea-spoon and the talk
And cure your cold?

FEMALE ESAU

Most abominable regiment,
How often, how sincerely,
Have I wished you back in your empty kitchen
Away from this wearying chatter of net-sales.

How often have I wished
That the tending of living things
Could soften your hardness—
And harden your softness, too—
That you would knit socks,
Less woolly than your writings
And more strong,
Cease telling stories of your dogs,
And, when conversation fails,
Read Fanny Burney and Jane Austen
Until you comprehend, not without grief,
The immense and delicate birthright
You have sold for an aspirin tablet
And a tea-leaf.

Young Barbarians

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1934. Edited by Harry Hansen. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. B. PRIESTLEY

FROM Mr. Harry Hansen's very intelligent introduction to this volume, I gather that the stories in it have been carefully chosen, and that those stories that have been awarded prizes have fully deserved prizes. Thus we may assume that these nineteen short stories are the pick of the year's bunch. And let me add at once that they make up a readable book, well worth the money charged for it. Some of the authors—notably Pearl S. Buck, William Faulkner, T. S. Stribling, and Thomas Wolfe—are well known, but most of the contributors are young writers whose work is not known to the present reviewer. And it is these young strangers who have carried off the prizes.

It is pleasant to record that these young writers appear to have stopped imitating either D. H. Lawrence, on the one hand, or Ernest Hemingway on the other. Both these men of genius have been shockingly bad influences, if only because both of them possess a certain inimitable quality along with several tiresome tricks only too easily copied. It would be better, if you must imitate somebody, to dish up O. Henry himself as your chance for the O. Henry Memorial Prize. Actually, the influence of O. Henry is not to be found among these contemporary stories, which are not interested in his neat artificiality, his deliberate humor, his smiling acceptance of the social kaleidoscope. And if there is any brand-new influence at work, it is too new to be spotted by at least one reader.

Most of these stories, however, have certain things in common. The first is a taste for violence. Outside cheap sensational fiction, there can never have been more fighting and more murders than there are in this volume. These young highbrows have the nose of crime reporters for spilt blood. They seem to live in a world of senseless slaughter. Consider the story here that gained the first prize: "No More Trouble for Jedwick," by Louis Paul. Jedwick is a negro who has escaped from a chain-gang. We see him have his way with a frightened woman, and then kill two men who try to stop his progress north. To do Mr. Paul justice, he takes no side and merely indicates the kind of terrible world we live in. But though there may be some sort of civilized protest behind the story, it is difficult not to feel that though the tale is well done, it is itself *nearly as barbaric as the life it describes.* And much the same may be said of some of the other stories. They are well observed, not badly written, but are gloomy, violent, barbarous, and do not reflect a civilized temper.

They mark the distance the serious young writers seem to have removed themselves from the organized society which provides them with publishers, editors, printers, booksellers, grocery stores, and transportation. There was a time when American writers were the mouthpieces of American civic ideals. There was a time —more recent—when the more important American writers were all in rebellion against those ideals—or at least what had come to pass as those ideals. But now we have these newcomers who hardly seem aware of the social scene, in the larger sense, who are not citizens (whether complacent or rebellious) writing for other citizens, who are neither for New Deals nor against them but seem to live in a dark, violent, underground world. If this is significant, then they are significant. But it seems to one reader—who is not an American and has never regarded the short story as a very important form—that this is their only significance. They are readable and have talent, but they have not carried the art of the short story any further than their elders, and, what is perhaps more important just now, they are not helping American society to understand itself. And unfortunately we are living in a time when American society—like any other society—must either understand itself or risk annihilation.

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The Bowling Green

Old Loopy

(A Love Letter for Chicago)

PASSING the big rack in Times Square which offers the newspapers of many different cities I had a sudden surprised impulse. I bought a copy of a Chicago paper. Here, in my own supreme home town. I had a yen for Old Loopy.

Most fantastic and folksy of great cities, I wanted to know what was going on at Marshall Field's, Carson Pirie's, Mandel's, or at the little Casa de Alex, where the lady sings *Chagrin d'Amour*. How is Violet, the Welsh chambermaid at the Congress Hotel? I wanted to read those Society Notes, the most deliciously unconscious betrayals known to sociology. Or at any rate (next after the Personals of our own *Saturday Review*) the most perilously intimate index-number of our anxious age. Against the ruddy volcanic glow of the economic crater I see tiny dark figures dancing in silhouette. Even if I quote (at random) you'll scarcely believe me:—

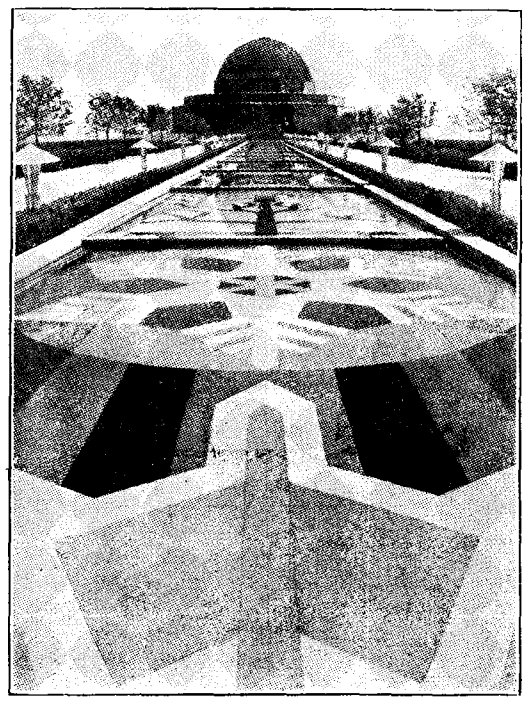
> Society seems to have a special set of folkways, to be used only at the hockey matches. There, with unremitting din of cheers ringing out, the accepted method of addressing companions is by shouting. Cheering itself, the box circle munches gum, almost unanimously, between its volleys of advice to players or referee. Orchids brighten as many costumes as they do at tea parties, but they bloom against tweeds instead of satins.
>
> While the organ boomed, "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day," Mr. and Mrs. — — — greeted people and bade them good-by in the same sentence. They are just back from their honeymoon.
>
> Members of the Alliance Française met for luncheon Saturday. . . . Among the guests chattering French in brittle phrases were. . . . Mrs. — — departed from the general uniform of black and pearls by wearing a claret colored velvet suit. She dashed out afterward, on her way home, and on to William Beebe's lecture that evening.
>
> Mrs. — —, in olive green and beaver, calmly lifted a lighted taper from the candelabra to light her cigarette.

The conjunction of orchids and chewing gum, in the first quote, is a paradox worthy of the Elizabethan age. And then just as I am about to feel scandalized I remember the beautiful white wedding-cake of the Wrigley Building seen at night beyond the black profile of Michigan Avenue. Surely the first requisite of the sociologist is not to be scandalized at anything. Chicago "departs from the general uniform of black and pearls." So much the better.

❧ ❧

But it is not my wish nor ability to offer a philosophic essay on Chicago. I simply want to tell her I love her. She is one of the few big-towns that can be loved as an integer; a subtle unity holds her together, makes her apprehensible. It is partly her essentially provincial spirit; the deep inferiority complex which is so valuable to the artist, goading him to excess, both achievement and despair; and it is partly some underlying vein of rank vitality. The wild onion for which she was named (most Chicagoans have forgotten this) is an accurate symbol. An exquisite garlic of paradox is still discernible in her doings. Garlic is a magnificent savor if leniently used. She appeals to something untamed, young and central in the romantic heart. Most sentimental of towns, she weeps over her defaulting financiers and loads the coffins of gunmen with tons of flowers. She plunders the shrines of the world to adorn the Gothic office building of a newspaper: stones from Westminster Abbey, the Taj Mahal, the Great Wall of China, Notre Dame and "Hamlet's Castle at Elsinore" are plummed into the fabric of the beautiful *Tribune* pile. Is that childish, or is it noble? It's both; it's Chicago. The comic old Water Tower is flooded at night with a pink tawny glow, to remind one of the burning flicker that shone round it in 1871. When she opened her Century of Progress she did it with a beam of light from Arcturus. There was a photograph of three electrical magi, in charge of that cosmic hook-up, saluting Arcturus with a friendly wave of thanks.

Those who have never correctly tuned in to her extraordinary wave-length may not like her; may be puzzled or alarmed. She was nearly ruined, intellectually, when Henry Mencken (solemnly, naively, not intending any joke) insisted that she was the Literary Capital of America. Absurd, of course, for literature has no capitals; it happens in the mind. But Chicago took him seriously. This was the annunciation so long awaited; and Schlogl's Restaurant was its manger (or salle à manger). That quiet unassuming place, and the worthy fellows who frequented it, were swamped in the rush of spectators eager to see Literature being born. London, Paris, New York, even Dublin, Manchester and San Francisco, have been told the same thing at various times without causing a ripple in their established self-certainty. But for the hysteria in Chicago's temperament this announcement of primacy was toxic. A lot of violently unripe books were written. The muse of literature, a creature shy and tender as Horace's hinnuleo, was plucked up every Wednesday and Saturday to see how she was growing. Schlogl's was compared to the Cheshire Cheese; the lions in front of the Art Institute looked more like Lord Palmerston than ever. This deafening and grotesque clamor did much harm. I used to wish someone would do a cartoon of Peter Dunne, sitting calmly here at the Café Lafayette, being told that Chicago had become the Literary Capital. In the days of Mr. Dooley, of Gene Field and of Stone and Kimball, no one had to be told that.



ADLER PLANETARIUM, CHICAGO

For a while (in the early twenties) the literary situation was not unlike that of the whiskey trade at the present time: when every new distillery advertises its usquebaugh as the inheritor of old renown, the genteel toddy of the cavaliers. But then someone discovered that the Literary Capital was Down South; the herd of critics went slogging across the Potomac, and Chicago was saved. The Depression completed the job. Like Mrs. O'Leary's cow, Mr. Insull kicked over the lamp and the milkpail. In universal smoke and cinders literature was left to shift for itself.

Hence Chicago's present humility and grace in these matters. She is wisely content to enjoy what comes along, not insisting that it be her own. She is by instinct the patron of music, painting, and sculpture, rather than letters. Perhaps she has too vivid a craving for life in the audible, visible, tangible, to dote on the remoter figments of print. So she will never be sad or blasé. The Society Notes which I find so enthralling suggest a young race that has freshly discovered, with bewildered ecstasy, the pleasures of clothes, jewels, sports, picnics, parties. Her curiosity is enormous, but it is social rather than intellectual. It was keenly aroused lately about Gertrude Stein, but mainly in regard to her clothes. Only a small up-and-down slice of the sophisticated were affected: like Vertical Parking, that astonishing elevator-device on Monroe Street which houses scores of automobiles one above the other on a rotating scaffold.

At any rate she has learned, as all civilizations must, that the arts cannot be whipped into action like a top. That thought and the finer emotions are not susceptible to ballyhoo. She has almost given up comparing the University of Chicago to Oxford. Mass production as a way of creating culture got a gruesome jolt in the new Civic Opera House.

❧ ❧

Fascinated in thinking about her, I have fallen into a sort of sombre Mathew Arnold mood. My intention was quite other. This is my love letter to her, whether or not she recognizes it as such. In her bewildering charm intellect plays little part. The first thing I always see is a big building on Michigan Avenue, I forget which, crowned by an enormous bee-hive. That I find symbolic. She has bees in her bonnet and they secrete a most pungent honey; she is the cupola of the freakish and unexpected. These generalities are what our Society Reporter would call "brittle phrases," and I admit it. I can only speak of her effect on me. Whether on the wide barren plazas of Grant Park or in the dark greasy streets of the Loop she fills me with amazement not unmixed with terror. I can still remember my strong prejudice against her before we met. Perhaps the convert is always the greatest zealot: at any rate there has always been "some strangeness in the proportion." The first time I heard a gale blowing over the Lake, the howl of the wind on Lake Shore Drive and crash of fresh-water surf, I knew she was fey. Carl Sandburg sang ballads with a guitar, and the fire, sprinkled with chemicals, flew green and silver up the chimney. . . . I think she has less hypocrisy, less prudential qualms than some of her Eastern neighbors. She admits more freely the impulses of love, laughter, lunacy,—even of anger, greed and fear—which make up life. I've spoken before of the queer, double note of the police whistles. At first it seems a mocking, impudent, ribald call; the defiant razzing of some spirit of mischief, thumbing his nose at death. Then, as the ear follows this elvish strain more closely, disentangling it from the roar of the street, it has a foreboding, luring, pagan cry. Perhaps in the corner of your gaze you see a sturdy policeman commanding the crossing. His leather puttees seem for an instant the goat legs of Pan.

❧ ❧

She gives one a marvellous sense of space. It's the wideness of the Lake that does it: every New Yorker must look with envy and admiration at that great expanse of parked water-front, so that the whole city is open on one side. Even the Lake seems strangely empty of shipping: what you think at first sturdy oncoming vessels remain fixed; they are pumping stations. She has another thing we have lost in New York, nice old railroad stations, with locomotives available. The joy of the steam-engine, breathing deep with accomplishment, is gone from Manhattan forever. Long life, I say, to the old depots of Chicago, the Northwestern, the La Salle Street, the Illinois Central. The new Union Station is very fine, in the Harveyized manner, but it gives me no picturesque thrill. The old Northwestern is joined to the *Daily News* building by a bridge, and the Northwestern dining room is now the Tabard Inn or Cheshire Cheese for journalists. There, with a tinge of deep pleasure, I first met Sherwood Anderson. I remember that the Three Hours for Lunch Club used to travel by ferry over to Jersey City and Hoboken to have the pleasure of eating in a genuine railroad station.

Where she has done what somebody told her, or what she thought was the right thing, Chicago has been grievously timid. The paltry lions in front of the Art Institute, for instance; or the footmen in white breeches and cockaded hats on Lake Shore Drive. No club should be allowed to look as much like a club as the Union League does. Where she acted on the impulse of her own wild heart—turning a river backwards, pushing a lake away to make park space, building the stately old Auditorium, twirling her dazzling beacon on the Palmolive Tower, she has always shown genius. Orchids and chewing gum . . . perhaps the social paragraph had meaning. Only a block behind the dazzling façade of Michigan Avenue you come to the dense and gloomy regions of the Loop. Sometimes in its darker shadows, under the L trestles and where the trolley tracks are set in pink stone chosen for skidding surface, the word Loop seems hardly constricted enough. It might almost be Noose. Chicago there seems older than any part of New York—more like London. And on a cold November morning, when Communists and unemployed marched in orderly but significant parade on Michigan Avenue, there spoke the oldest voice of all: the cry of human suffering. From high up in the hotel I heard shouting, and supposed at first it was a crowd of football enthusiasts; it was the day of some big local game. I opened the window and heard the rhythmic cry, "Don't starve—Fight!"

She is unruly at heart; more than a little goofy; she will be one of the last to be tamed by the slow frost of correctness. The persecutions of cruel climate and economic zigzag are likely to keep her temperament at extremes. I don't recognize the descriptions sometimes given of her: "the hog-butcher of the world, the city of big shoulders." In my chance glimpses she has always seemed completely feminine: wilful, witty, stung with a myriad nerves. It's odd that a female city should make telephoning so difficult: you have to use a special slug, with a different pattern for each pay-station; and the phones are almost always in the basement. So many memories come to mind: the aphrodisiac perfume of the dim overstuffed Congress lobby, and a gust of music from the Balloon Room down the corridor; the seagulls on the breakwater (who have never been told that that isn't the sea); the crowd outside the Old Globe Theatre the last night of the Fair. Everything about her has always contradicted the foretold and expected. She spikes the small beer of living with the pure alcohol of the impossible.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Delightful Fantasy

MARY POPPINS. By P. L. Travers. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $1.50.

THIS book will appeal both to children and to grown-ups. A Nannie is a nurse in England. At the opening of the book the Banks family needs a Nannie. The new nurse arrives, and is Mary Poppins, who makes an unusual start by sliding *up* the banisters. In other words, there is something magical about Mary Poppins, and something magical about her fiancé, Bert. There was Mary Poppins's uncle also who *didn't* "roll and bob," though he certainly floated up next the ceiling, and Miss Lark's dog Andrew who picked up a friend named Willoughby, and whose language of barking Mary Poppins well understood, and many different magics, as how Admiral Boom got into a cage at the zoo and how Maia climbed up the sky. In fact, this is one of the freshest and most delightful fantasies we have read for a long time. The marvellous Mary Poppins stays with the Bankses, with Jane and Michael particularly, until the wind changes, and then she blows away. But in the meantime she has proved such a nurse as all children would sigh for, cry for, and run away for. We'll bet the shade of Jean Ingelow wishes she had thought of Mary Poppins!

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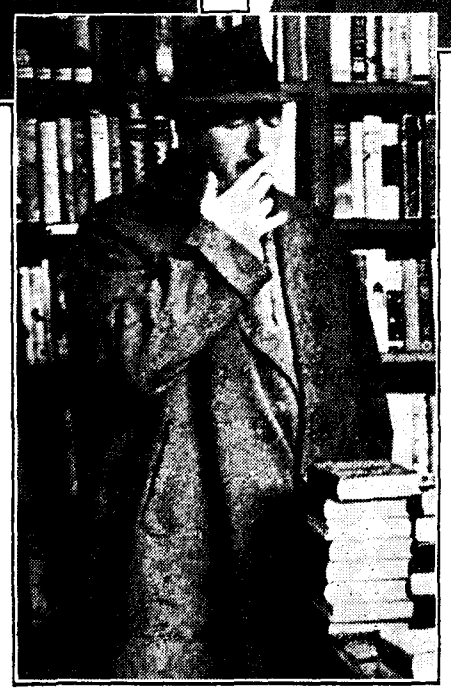
The Travel Diary of a Photographer

Or Running Around in Book Circles with Robert Disraeli

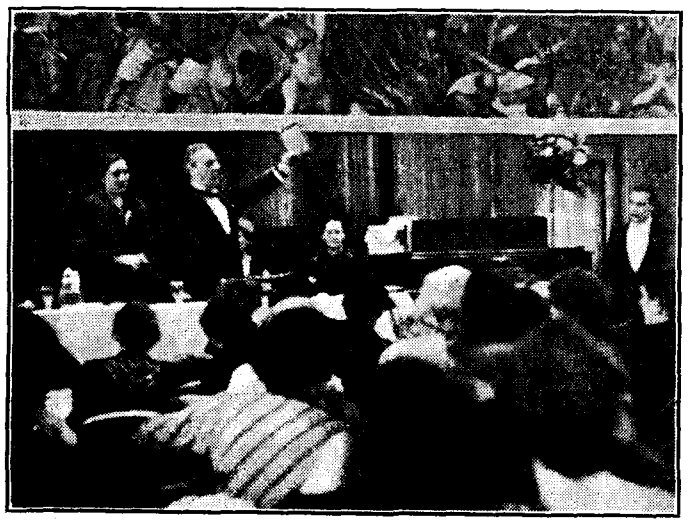
MONDAY. *The party system of American publishing opens the pre-Christmas campaign at the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel in New York. America's sweetheart, now an author ("Why Not Try God?"), sounds the keynote at a luncheon given in her honor by Zona Gale. Their hats (below) show all the new angles. While waiting for the guest of honor to appear, your photographer glimpsed such celebrities as Will Irwin, Margaret Widdemer, and others shot for these pages on previous occasions.*

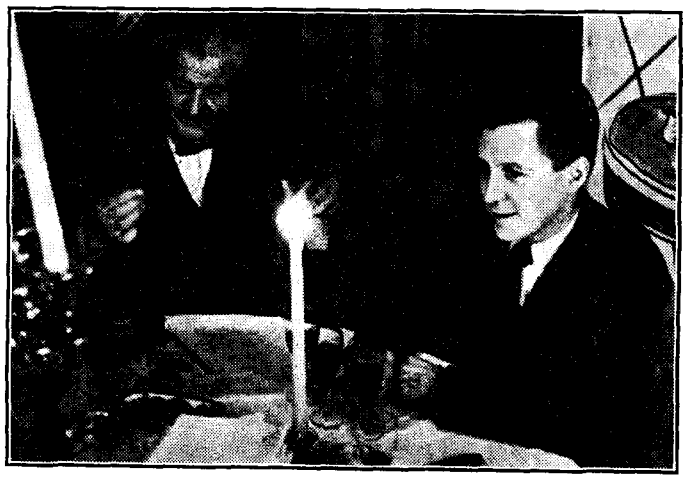
Mary Roberts Rinehart and William Lyon Phelps (below) listen to a speaker at the Mary Pickford lunch. . . . (Still Monday) On the way down town after lunch, met Ford Madox Ford (right), just arrived for a winter in New York, looking over books at the Dauber and Pine Bookstore.



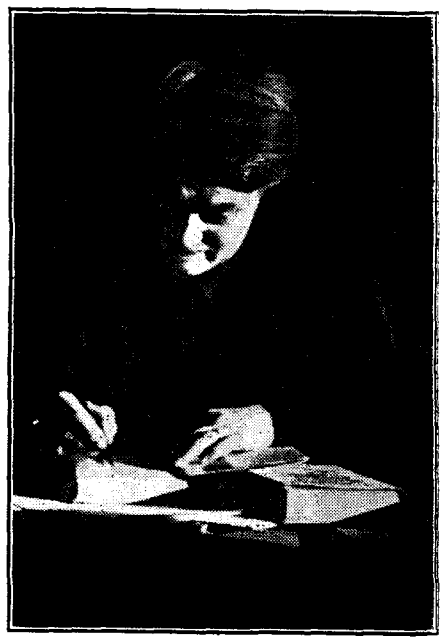
TUESDAY. *The decapitations in the Downtown Gallery exhibit are the work of Peggy Bacon (above, between Morris Ernst, book-trade lawyer, and Carl Van Doren). Over Miss Bacon's head is Mr. Van Doren as he appears in her book, "Off With Their Heads." (Below, same party) Heywood Broun catches a fast one from tune detective Sigmund Spaeth.*

WEDNESDAY. *Going, going . . . Princess Bibesco (below) backs up G. J. Fredericks, of Artists' and Writers' Dinner Club, as he takes bids for her latest book at an autograph auction sale to benefit indigent artists and writers. Smart audience at the Barbizon-Plaza did the authors' bidding.*





THURSDAY. *To the Hapsburg Club for a wine-tasting party: experts André Simon and Frank Schoonmaker, celebrating publication of the latter's "Complete Wine Book," mix the labels on the guests. . . Down-town again: Jacques Maritain, French philosopher (right), autographs books at his publisher's office, just before sailing back to France.*



FRIDAY. *In Brooklyn Stanley Walker (author of "City Editor," and holder of that job on the* New York Herald Tribune) *addresses enthusiastic audience at Abraham and Straus Book Fair. Chairman Lewis Gannett, conductor of "Books and Things" for the H.-T., listens in.*

SATURDAY. *Just time to catch J. B. Priestley between trains. The visiting English author talks with Harold Friedmann, his theatrical agent, in his room at the Biltmore Hotel as he packs his trunk for a trip to the West. (Right)—Merry Christmas!*

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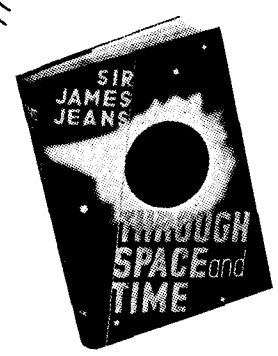

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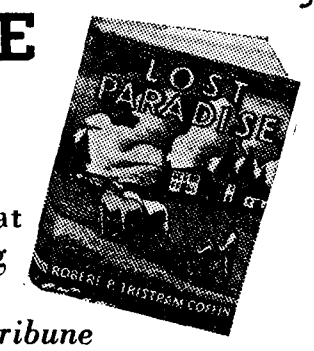

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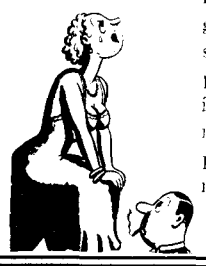

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One Way to Write Novels

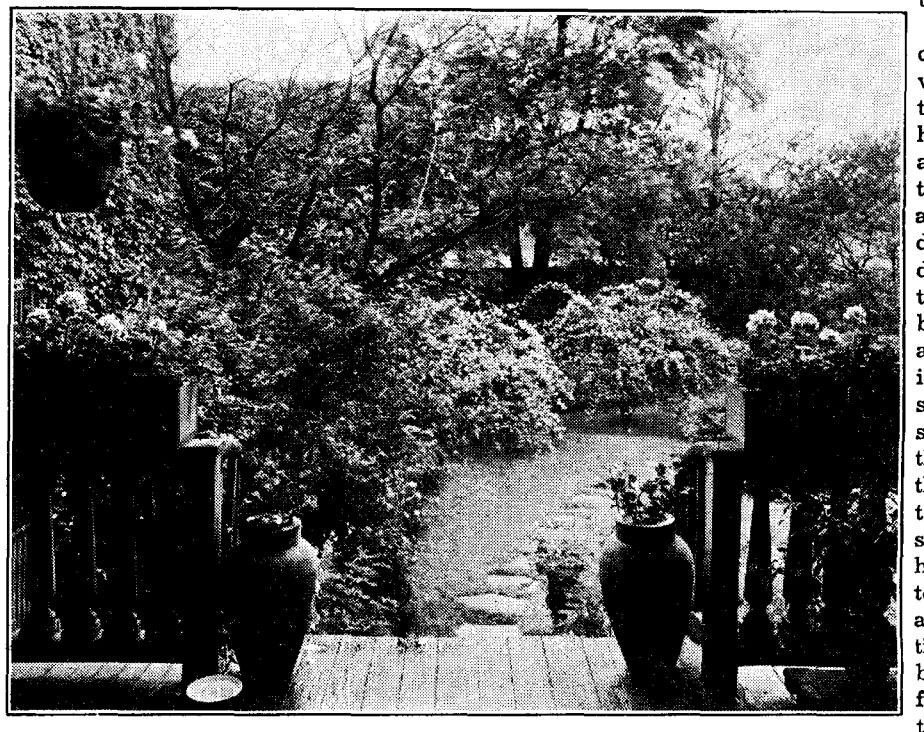
(*Continued from first page*)

learned, too, and never forgot, that ideas would not come to me if I went out to hunt for them. They would fly when I pursued; but if I stopped and sank down into a kind of watchful reverie, they would flock back again like friendly pigeons. All I had to do before the novel had formed, was to leave the creative faculty (or subconscious mind) free to work its own way without urging and without effort. When Dorinda in "Barren Ground" first appeared to me, I pushed her back into some glimmering obscurity, where she remained, buried but alive, for a decade, and emerged from the yeasty medium with hard round limbs and the bloom of health in her cheeks. Thus I have never wanted for subjects; but on several occasions when, because of illness or from external compulsion, I have tried to invent a theme or a character, invariably the effort has resulted in failure. These are the unnatural children of my brain that I should wish, were it possible, to disinherit.

It is not easy to tell how much of this dependence upon intuition may be attributed to the lack of harmony between my inner life and my early environment. A thoughtful and imaginative child, haunted by that strange sense of exile which visits the subjective mind when it is unhappily placed (and it is always, apparently, unhappily placed or it would not be subjective), I grew up in a charming society, where ideas were accepted as naturally as the universe or the weather, and cards for the old, dancing for the young, and conversation flavored with personalities for the middle-aged, were the only arts practised. Several members of my family, it is true, possessed brilliant minds and were widely and deeply read; but all despised what they called "local talent," and my early work was written in secret to escape ridicule, alert, pointed, and not the less destructive because it was playful. There is more truth than wit in the gibe that every Southern novelist must first make his reputation in the North. Perhaps this is why so many Southern novelists write of the South as if it were a fabulous country. When a bound copy of my first book reached me, I hid it under my pillow while a cousin, who had run in before breakfast, prattled beside my bed of the young men who had quarreled over the privilege of taking her to the Easter German, as the Cotillion was called. Had I entered the world by way of Oxford, or even by way of Bloomsbury, I might now be able to speak or write of my books without a feeling of outraged reserve. And yet, in the very act of writing these words, my literary conscience, a nuisance to any writer, inquires if ideas were really free at Oxford, or even in Bloomsbury, at the end of the century, and if all the enfranchised spirits who babble of prohibited subjects nowadays are either wiser or better than the happy hypocrites of the nineties.

From this dubious prelude it might be inferred that I consider the craft of fiction merely another form of mental inertia. On the contrary, I agree with those writers who have found actual writing to be the hardest work in the world. What I am concerned with at the moment, however, is the beginning of a novel alone, not the endless drudgery that wrung from Stevenson the complaint, "The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of an author is extinct; he will bully, backbite, and speak daggers." For being a true novelist, even if one's work is not worth the price of a cherry to public or publisher, takes all that one has to give and still something more. Yet the matter is not one of choice but of fatality. Like the enjoyment of music, or a love for El Greco, or a pleasure in gardening, or the taste for pomegranates, or a preference for Santayana's prose, the bent of nature is either there or it is not there.

For my own part, and it appears, however far I stray, that I must still return to "the highly personal statement," the only method I have deliberately cultivated has been a system of constant renewal. If novels should be, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said, "transfigured experience," then I have endeavored, whenever it was possible, to deepen experience and to heighten what I prefer to call illumination, to increase my understanding of that truth of life which has never become completely reconciled with the truth of fiction. I do not mean by this that life should necessarily be eventful or filled with variable activities. Profound emotion does not inevitably bear "the pageant of a bleeding heart." Several of the most thrilling lives in all literature were lived amid the unconquerable desolation of the Yorkshire moors. Yet it is doubtful if either the exposed heart of Byron or the brazen trumpet of D. H. Lawrence contained such burning realities as were hidden beneath the quiet fortitude of Emily Brontë.



ELLEN GLASGOW'S GARDEN IN RICHMOND
Many readers will remember the garden, so like this one, described in "The Sheltered Life."

Because of some natural inability to observe and record instead of create, I have never used an actual scene until the impression it left had sifted down into imagined surroundings. A theme becomes real to me only after it is clothed in living values; but these values must be drawn directly from the imagination and indirectly, if at all, from experience. Invariably the characters appear first, and slowly and gradually build up their own world and spin the situation and atmosphere out of themselves. Strangely enough, the horizon of this real or visionary world is limited by the impressions or recollections of my early childhood. If I were to walk out into the country and pick a scene for a book, it would remain as flat and lifeless as cardboard; but the places I loved or hated between the ages of three and thirteen compose an inexhaustible landscape of memory. Occasionally, it is true, I have returned to a scene to verify details, though for freshness and force I have trusted implicitly to the vision within. And just as my scene is built up from fragments of the past, whether that past existed in fact or in a dream, so the human figures, though not one of them has been copied from my acquaintances, will startle me by displaying a familiar trait or gesture, and I will recognize with a shock some special blending of characteristics.

Frequently, these impressions have been buried so long and so deep that I have entirely forgotten them until they float upward to the surface of thought. Yet they are not dead but living, and recover warmth and animation after the creative faculty has revived them. In the same way, half-obliterated images, events, or episodes, observed in moments of intense experience, will flash back into a scene or a figure; and this is equally true of the most trivial detail my memory has registered. For example, in one of the tragic hours of my youth I looked out of a window and saw two sparrows quarrelling in the rain on a roof. Twenty years or more afterwards, a character in one of my novels looks out of a window in a moment of heartbreak and sees two sparrows quarrelling in the rain. And, immediately, light streamed back, as if it were cast by the rays of a lantern, into the unlit recesses of memory, and I felt the old grief in my heart and saw the rain fall on the roof and the two sparrows quarrelling.

Because everything that one has seen or heard or thought or felt leaves a deposit that never filters entirely through the essence of mind, I believe that a novelist should be perpetually engaged in this effort to refresh and replenish his source. I am confident, moreover, that nothing I have learned either from life or from literature has been wasted. Whatever I have thought or felt deeply has stayed with me, if only in fragments or in a distillation of memory. But the untiring critic within has winnowed, reassorted, and disposed the material I needed.

Not until the unconscious worker has withdrawn from the task, or taken a brief holiday, and the characters have woven their own background and circumstances, does the actual drudgery of moulding the mass-substance begin. Even now, after the groundwork is completed and the subject assembled, I still give time and thought (brooding is the more accurate term) to the construction. I try not to hasten the process and to leave the invisible agent to flash directions or warnings. The book must have a form. This is essential. It may be shaped like a millstone or an hourglass or an Indian tomahawk or a lace fan—but a shape it must have. Usually a novel assumes its own figure when it enters the world, and the underlying idea moulds the plastic material to its own structure. More deliberately, the point of view is considered and selected, though this may, and often does, proceed naturally from the unities of time and place, or from one completely dominant figure. In "Barren Ground," a long novel, I felt from the moment Dorinda entered the book that there could be but one point of view. From the first page to the last, no scene or episode or human figure appears outside her field of vision or imagination.

In "The Sheltered Life," where I knew intuitively that the angle of vision must create the form, I employed two points of view alone, though they were separated by the whole range of experience. Age and youth look on the same scene, the same persons, the same events and occasions, the same tragedy in the end. Between these conflicting points of view the story flows on, like a stream in a narrow valley. Nothing happens that is not seen, on one side, through the steady gaze of the old man, seeing life as it is, and, on the other side, by the troubled eyes of the young girl, seeing life as she would wish it to be. Purposely, I have tried here to interpret reality through the dissimilar mediums of thought and emotion. I have been careful to allow no other aspects to impinge on the contrasting visions which create between them the organic whole of the book. This convention, which appears uncertain, when one thinks of it, becomes natural and even involuntary when the work grows, develops, pushes out with its own energy, and finds its own tempo.

While I am at work on a book I remain, or try to remain, in a state of immersion. The first draft of a novel, if it is long, will

(*Continued on page* 350)

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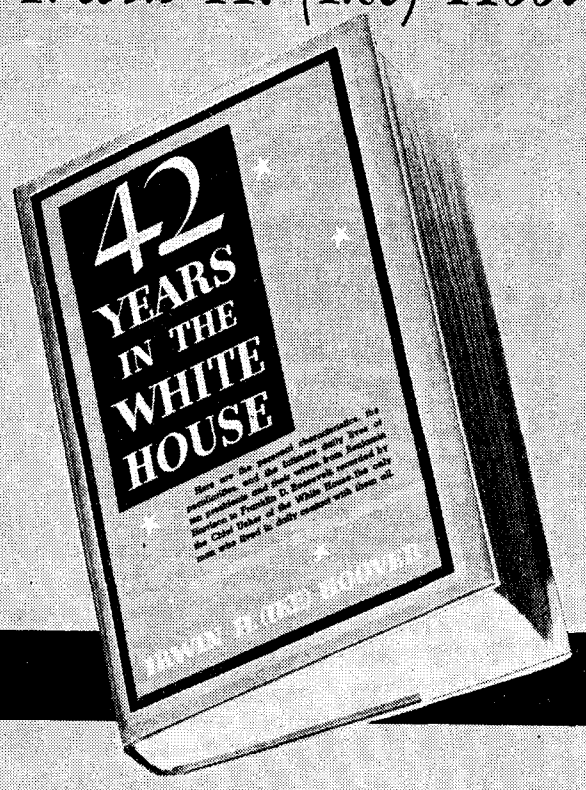

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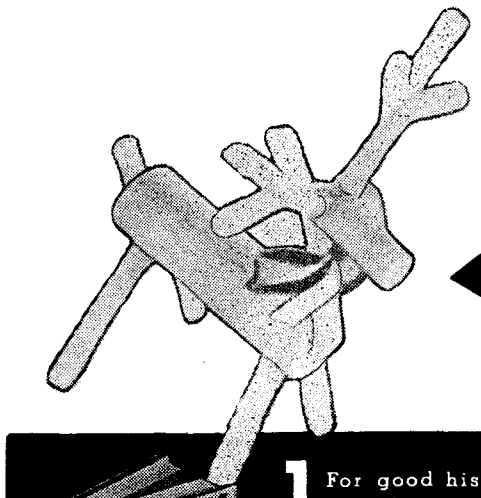

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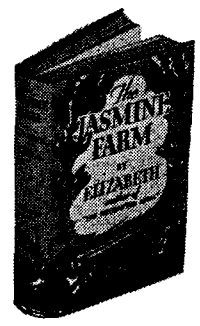

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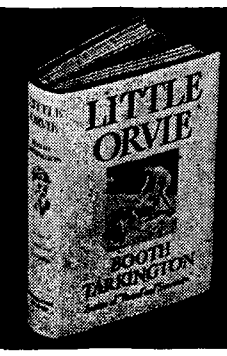

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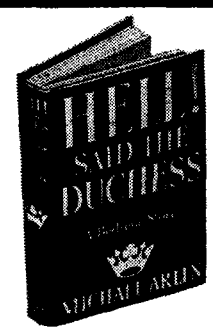

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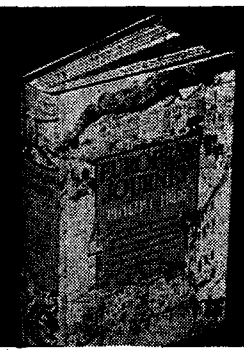

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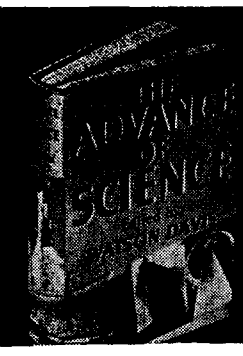

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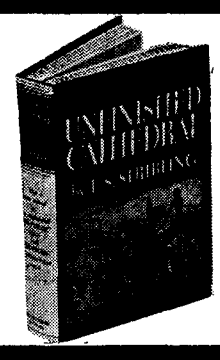

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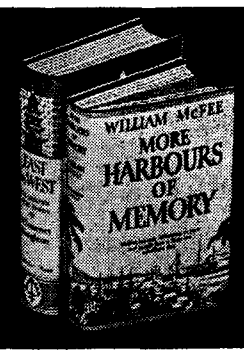

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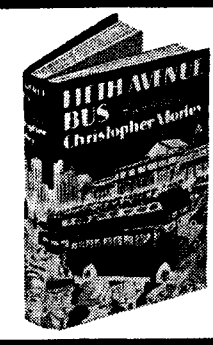

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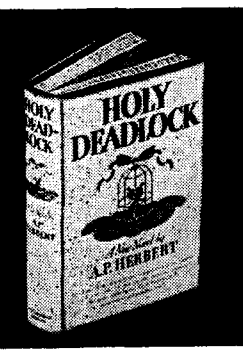

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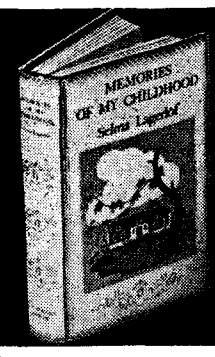

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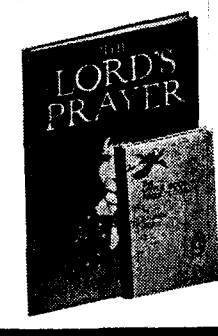

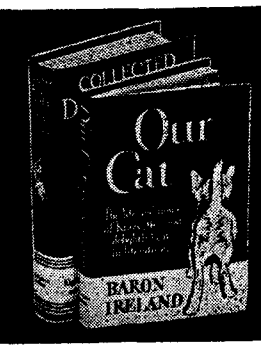

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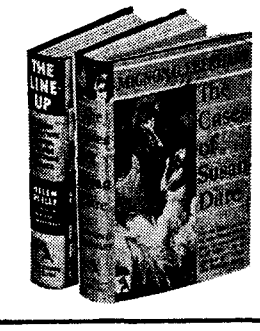

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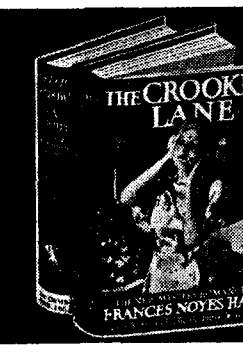

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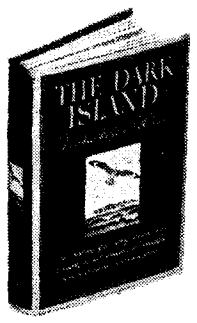

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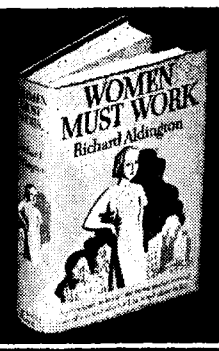

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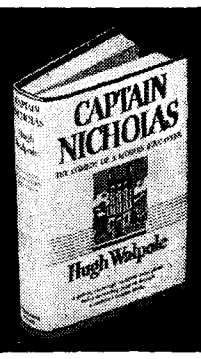

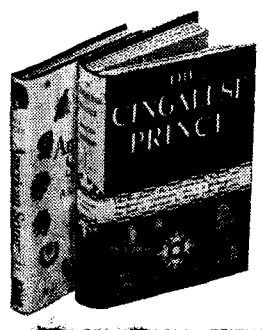

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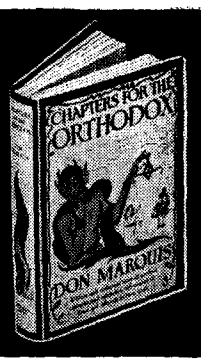
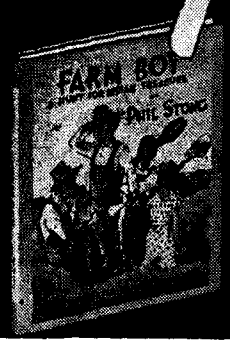
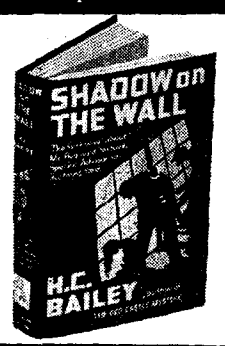


22 Theatre-goers will be delighted with Noel Coward's **CONVERSATION PIECE,** a witty, wistful drama in the manner of *Bitter Sweet,* $1.75; or **PLAY PARADE,** seven of Mr. Coward's most famous plays in one lovely over-sized volume for $3.50; or Maxwell Anderson's modern classic, **MARY OF SCOTLAND,** $2

26 The story-picture book age will delight in **FARM BOY** by Phil Stong, author of *State Fair,* with pictures by Kurt Wiese ($2.00); and in **HUMPHREY,** Marjorie Flack's story and pictures of almost a century of wayside adventures with a box turtle ($2.00)—both just off press!





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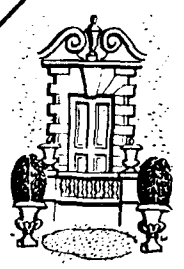

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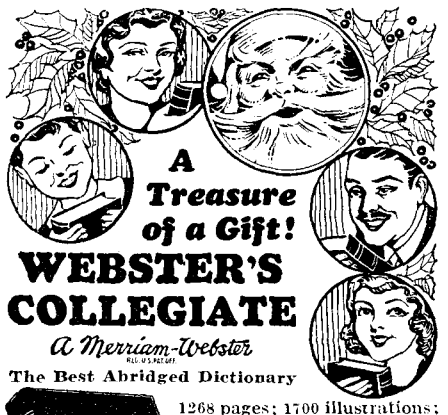

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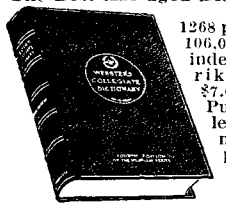

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The Santa Fe Group

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

EVER since my first visit to New Mexico in 1920, I have felt sure that Santa Fe is not just another part of the United States, but in some sense a separate land, with a being and laws of its own. The blend of cultures—Indian-Spanish-Mexican, Pioneer-Southwestern, and Colonist Southwestern (New York, Chicago, and what-not)—is unique and creates a ferment, a sense of growth, and a divine discontent. A writer, however small his income, may here wake every day, in a setting esthetically pleasing and somewhat exotic, historical yet timeless, with perhaps too keen a sense of stimulus.

The quasi-regional school of arts and letters which is here in process of formation is nevertheless leisurely in pace as it is extended in space—stretching in one direction towards Albuquerque, a bourgeois business town (in the eyes of Santa Fe anyhow) containing certain oases like the University of New Mexico and the homestead of the Fergusson family; and in the other direction to Tesuque Valley, to Pojoaque, and beyond that to Taos. In Tesuque Valley (formerly entirely rustic, native, and dirt-farmer) I found on returning to my own Mud House, not only a group of resident painters but the shining Rydal Press owned and run—hand run—by a tall, dark, young man locally known as "Wally" Goodwin, late of Lippincotts, and his pretty and efficient Philadelphia wife, who very curly headed and in blue jeans, with a couple of little boys running about in the offing, attends to the end-papers and the binding. When I arrived the Rydal Press was printing the first four books of the new and intriguing self-publishing authors' group known as Writers' Editions: "The Sun Turns West," by Alice Corbin: "Atlantides," by Haniel Long: "Foretaste," by Peggy Pond Church; and a reprint of Eugene Manlove Rhodes's "Penalosa." When I left, a year later, it was completing the last copies of Frieda Lawrence's "Not I But the Wind"—in the very beautiful "private" edition.

PEGGY POND CHURCH

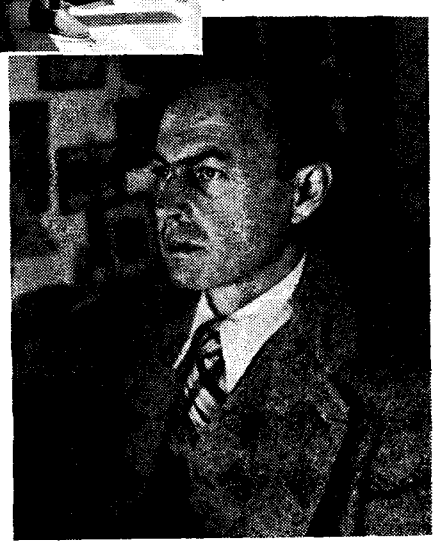
Passing swiftly from Tesuque to Pojoaque, the literary colony perhaps halts at the Rio Grande home of Cyrus McCormick, for a drink, and then stops in at Maria Garland's for another. Mr. McCormick is a genial worldly giant, Mrs. Garland is a much-married lady, statuesque and generous, whom some compare with Rose O'Neill—perhaps because she writes a little poetry, preserves a siren youth, and offers Delphic hospitality to artists, writers, and mystics. Alcalde, where she lives, is probably the last stop before Taos, where, once you have emerged from the canyon of the Rio Grande, you will soon find yourself at Mabel Luhan's, having tea with your sybilline hostess and whatever guests may just then be living in the Pink House or the Log Cabin or the Florentine guest room—say Thornton Wilder, Myron Brinig, or Muriel Draper. Besides Mabel (the most talked of New Mexico writer bar none), you might find Spud Johnson, darkling, slender, and a bit plaintive either in the office of the *Taos Valley News*—the local paper which he now edits—or in his Mexican house in Placita, where *Laughing Horse*, a delightful little magazine—the only one to date printed in this region—is waiting for the depression to lift. From Spud's you would rush on to those high ranches where Frieda Lawrence and Brett abide, and the ghost of D. H. L. still walks. Taos must admit that Lawrence wrote the most clairvoyant pictures of Indian ceremonies ever written in English, as Santa Fe must admit "Death Comes for the Archbishop" as the best novel ever written out of its setting and material.

But I am not concerned here with the outlying provinces, rather with Santa Fe itself as literary capital. You, gentle reader, must understand how it is that even in these days of electric ice boxes, bathrooms, and oil furnaces, when copy for "the pulps and the slicks" is shot into the friendly slots at the Spanish-style post-office which now faces the old cathedral; when the sound of the electric typewriter may be heard in the Sena Plaza itself, within hearing of those who are browsing in the Villagra Bookshop—turning over, perhaps, Mrs. Van Stone's illustrated translation of "Los Pastores," the Mexican mystery play still given up Canyon Road at Christmas; or Chapman's magnificently illustrated Pueblo pottery books—how it is that Santa Fe is so little spoiled by its present self-consciousness about its background that writers long established never leave, and others come. Why it is that Witter Bynner, who with his roaring, rowdy laugh that contrasts so oddly with his Harvard accents, is still inviting you to cocktail parties, in a Mexican patio adjacent to Chinese treasures—why it is that Lynn Riggs is building here—that John Gould Fletcher, that rather grouchy but truly conversable man and poet, comes for the summers—that Oliver La Farge has leased a house for two years and made Santa Fe his headquarters, why it is that a creative writer like Long, who

ALICE CORBIN

does not study the market but produces from his own inner laws, and who does not depend on regional material at all—at least so far—finds this a satisfying environment.

No doubt La Farge, whom you might meet any day in the frescoed Fonda café, eating a savory sixty-cent lunch (wine included), doffing his broad-brimmed hat with the chin band to the zooming of the Mexican orchestra in the patio, displaying his cerise tie with the conch shell, exchanging views of Cutting's election or the latest wrinkle in Indian affairs, with the communists or the élite, may be thinking of writing a Pueblo novel to follow the Navajo—on this point I am not informed, but I can tell you that La Farge is loved by his Indian friends, and that his rather lanky, bony structure, like his well-browned skin and his air of reserving judgment, thinking things over, fits well into the local scene. But there are other poets and story tellers, who take to Santa Fe or its outskirts because they can dig in a garden, lie in the sun, jaunt into the mountains, talk with primitive neighbors on human terms, buy their wood from the back of a burro, and contribute manually to their own wants and comforts. In this unindustrialized New Mexico, even science is largely the science of archæologist, ethnologist, anthropologist—the sort of science that unconsciously feeds the novelist, the poet.



HANIEL LONG

Three members of the Santa Fe group

Science produced the first Southwest classics: Bandelier, Cushing, Lummis were scientists in whom the story telling instinct ran strong. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, now unfortunately dead, like Frank Applegate and Mary Austin, perhaps owed something to science—as certainly the latter two were anxious to make clear that they did. As the Southwest discoveries and research have grown in bulk and complexity, the scientist-recorders have largely ceased to be literary, and the greater part of the material has become too technical for the layman. Even the commercially printed and nobly illustrated books on blankets, or pottery, are primarily for specialists and collectors. The average reader must turn to more popular works. In fact there are many. Between "pure science" which in this region still produces the lion's share of printed words, actually written out of the Southwest by somebody, and "pure creation" which provides still but little in bulk, there lies a field rich in material for the objective writer, the authentic collector of local data, the reteller of local folk tales, out of the Indian or Spanish, the "popularizer" who may here be more than journalist, exploiter, or tourist—I mean the real "creative" lover or interpreter of his material.

To understand how this "regional" school came into being, I would glance back to the halcyon days of the nineteen-twenties, when one could rent two or three rooms in Santa Fe for ten dollars a month. The artists and writers of those days kept their horses in the dooryard, their butter in the well (if there was a well), and heated their small adobe rooms, hung with dusky saints (bought for nothing on their riding trips through the little native villages along the Sangre de Cristo Mountains), with pinon and cedar burned in small oval adobe fireplaces and air tight stoves.

Indeed the first fragrant, intoxicating breath of the land, as you descended from the single track, slow-going train of cars that brought you from the junction at Lamy, was the pungent incense that arose from the mud chimneys of the flat-roofed town. Like an offering in which the spirits of home and wilds, the geniuses of several primitive races united, the smoky incense floated off again—over the Plaza, where sat the gaunt Mexican men and the black shawled women, over the Governor's Palace, to the pink sandy lomas, with the little Palestinian-looking Mexican houses set on their sides; to the cedar-grown reaches of the Pueblo grants, with their sky-terraced Indian buildings, and beyond them, to the dark, snow-capped mountains which surround the ancient city.

Alice Corbin, one of Santa Fe's most familiar literary personalities — now known to many summer visitors as the plump and jocund leader of the Poets' Round Up, an August garden festival whose spontaneity leads many into their first understanding of what this literary colony is about—came here from Chicago as early as 1916. It seemed in those days as if writers for some reason slightly removed from the competitive struggle tended to migrate here. Alice Corbin had been an editor of a still popular and often revised twentieth century poets' anthology with Harriet Monroe. She had been an editor of the *Poetry Magazine*. She was restless and fertile minded and it was hard to settle down into an invalid's bed. But her vivid talk delivered from that platform, was my first literary adventure in New Mexico. Her first book of poems, "Red Earth," poignant and restrained, seems to stand for the first fruits, delicious fruits of this soil from the pen of a sensitive colonist. Alice Corbin became, to the regret of many, more grandmother than author as the years rolled by,—"The Sun Turns West" is but her second volume in a dozen years.

Mary Austin with her high Spanish comb followed Alice Corbin in 1918 but did not settle in Santa Fe or build her substantial house, which so generously helped to foster local arts and talents, until considerably later. When I first knew her here, she seemed scarcely more of a

(*Continued on page* 354)

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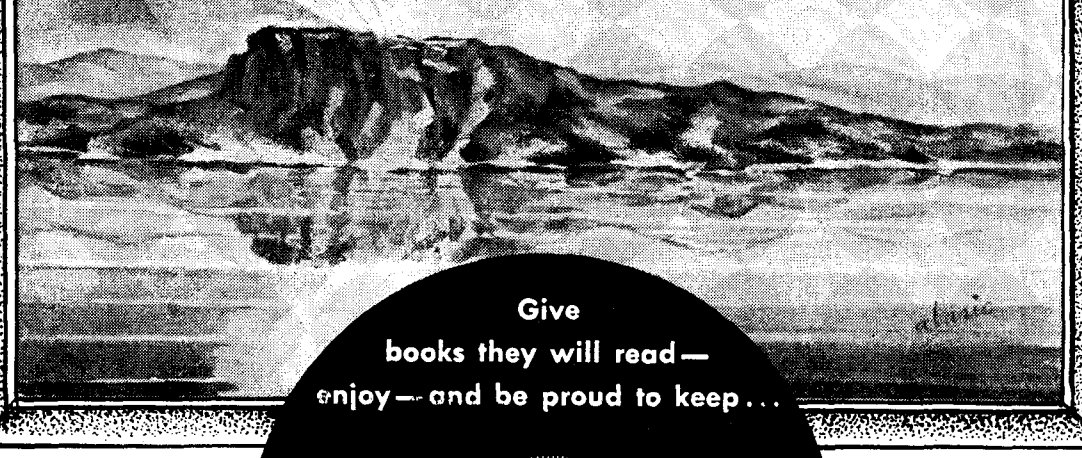

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A Shelf of Children's Books

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE chosen several books from the various publishers' Christmas offerings to younger members of American families. These seem among the best I have discerned on the *Saturday Review* shelves allotted to such volumes. In the first of my categories I would put three stories for children of high school age, three books that tell of the lives respectively of a Bulgarian peasant boy, an Eskimo, and a girl of new China. In addition to being well written, these are attractive in format. The first is called "Dobry" and is by a Californian, Monica Shannon. It is published by the Viking Press. It incorporates some of the episodes and stories (told in the book to Dobry by his grandfather) which are actual memories of the illustrator, a Bulgarian, Atanas Katchamakoff, now a sculptor in California. The sculptor has made colored frontispiece, end-papers, and many illustrations for the book in his own peculiar style. It goes without saying that the book is attractively manufactured. The story is one of an agricultural peasant family who own and love their own land and produce a son who wishes to be an artist, in fact a sculptor. We get the seasonal life of the land, the life of the village, and the kind of stories, chants, and legends that the boy early learns. Finally, helped by the sympathy of a philosophic and understanding grandfather, Dobry goes away to be an artist. The book has considerable original flavor and is thoroughly human. The life on the land and the course of ambition in the boy are well shown. In "Hans the Eskimo," by Edwin Gile Rich, with illustrations by Rockwell Kent (Houghton Mifflin Company), the author has searched the accounts of the Kane, the Hayes, and the *Polaris* expeditions for material for an adventure story in which an Eskimo boy takes part in all three. The story is told in the first person, purportedly by Hans Christian himself. This book will mainly appeal to boys. Its basis is factual, and most boys are interested in the frozen North and polar exploration. There is plenty of excitement in the book. "Ho-Ming, Girl of New China" is by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, author of "Young Fu," a book that was awarded the John Newbery medal in 1933. You will probably remember it as a best-seller for children. Mrs. Lewis went to China in 1917, where she taught both at a girls' boarding school and a boys' academy, and where she was married. She later returned to this country and now lives in Baltimore. Her present story is of the second daughter of a Chinese farmer, brought up in the deeply traditional atmosphere of old China, until her friend, Wei Doctor, imbues her with more modern ideas. Ho-Ming is a mischievous, restless girl of twelve when we first find her, and we see her develop through adolescence during the next five years. The book is illustrated by Kurt Wiese, a well-known artist who lived for many years in China. It will principally appeal to girls. The contrast of Chinese superstition with the new learning makes it particularly interesting, also the struggle of the girl to adjust herself to the times. Young people will acquire from "Ho-Ming" a very good idea of what it means to be a child in China today.

A book for younger children, of from ten to twelve, is "Rob Roy," which tells, not of the famous Scottish chief, but of "the frontier twins" whose home was in Tennessee at the time of young Andrew Jackson's first year on the frontier; of their pet wild cat, Toddy Thompson; and of their various adventures, finally tracking a gang of bandits. Its author is Constance Lindsay Skinner, who grew up in a Hudson Bay trading post, as adult readers of her "Beavers, Kings and Cabins" will remember, and has written much concerning frontier life. In two of her children's books, "Silent Scot" and "Andy Breaks Trail," she told of the elder brother of the twins, who was a frontier scout in the Revolution and went West with Lewis and Clark. The present story, published by Macmillan, and excellently illustrated by John Rae, can be recommended to youngsters as both veracious in background and exciting in narrative.

With still another juvenile, "Trigger John's Son," the Viking Press comes forward with a good book for children, though a story that was not written with them particularly in mind and that may also appeal to those adults who enjoy an American tale of boy life in an authentic setting. Beechwood, to which the red-headed, freckled hero comes, shipped on approval to new foster-parents, is a lumber town in Pennsylvania. The hero, Trigger John's son, comes from Down East. He immediately falls in with the "Goosetown gang," and, from then on, his Tam-Sawyerish story is absorbing. The book is by Tom Robinson, who has also done the colored end-papers to it; and there is a frontispiece sketch of the hero. This is a full-size novel for the young and for the old who are still young, and a thoroughly American document as well.

The Santa Fe Group

(*Continued from page* 352)

resident than Willa Cather or Lawrence. Visiting writers of this magnitude brought real nourishment to colonist writers who had decided to take the plunge and become regular taxpayers and readers of that watched-for local paper, *The Santa Fe New Mexican*, owned by Senator Cutting and humorously and affectionately edited by a tall man—who on occasion can be a bitter adversary—Dana Johnson. And the publication of "Blood of the Conquerors" in 1921, the first novel of New Mexico by a native son, though not adding the author himself to the growing Santa Fe group—for Harvey Fergusson lived East or in Albuquerque—undoubtedly gave a proud enhancement to New Mexico as a fertile and untouched field for the novelist.

Witter Bynner, now bald-headed doyen of Santa Fe poets as Alice Corbin is doyenne, arrived in 1922 from the Eastern seaboard, probably not intending to stay but soon lured to establish his life also in an adobe, and to take on a Mexican cook, who runs his parties like a chef. Bynner is one of the most popular host citizens of Santa Fe. His sardonic wit, his kind, warm heart, his highballs, his Chinese and Indian collections, his slow and steady productivity as a poet have made him as much of an institution as the Museum of New Mexico. Like Mabel Luhan he always lives up to being a celebrity.

Not long after Bynner, came his friend Arthur Davison Ficke (but not to stay forever as he did), and still a little later Haniel Long, another sensitive poet, settled down on the Acequia with his wife and son. Long is now no less beloved and naturalized in Santa Fe than Bynner. All that Santa Fe lacks of conversation and bookish and literary tradition from other than Southwest sources is to be found cherished in this quiet house and garden. Long, like Bynner, is a tall man though a slender one, and a very expressive personality. Despite his love of books and gardens, and music, he belongs to the outland regions.

With earlier years—years before Santa Fe grew so definitely literary—I associate also a group of gifted (then) youngsters not now identified with the town but still bearing some Southwest imprint, and in the minds of older literary citizens like Alice Corbin, associated with the rising tide of letters. For several years one met them in the byways: Yvor Winters, the noblest of spirits, now a Stanford professor, and a late Pacific editor of *Hound and Horn*, then a young poet, seeking his way; Janet Lewis, the exquisite author of "The Invasion," now Mrs. Winters, also then chiefly a poet; Glenway Wescott, a glowing and precocious youth, already definitely headed for Literature with a large L; Maurice Leisermann of Chicago, another poet of the same generation.

To the same years belong the first appearances of *Laughing Horse*, which might be considered a steed useful in the formation of a regional tradition. Another contributor to the tradition was Jack Thorp—ex-New Englander, ex-cowpuncher, broad and bulky as Applegate was spare. Thorp provided that pleasant volume, "Songs of the Cowboys," probably the offering of a one-book author (though if he would, he might have a great deal more to tell us of his early days on the range). Still another creative agent in rendering the folk tradition in readable English was Elizabeth Willis De Huff, who out of unusual opportunities as wife of the then principal of the Indian Boarding School began to write down for white children the legends and stories related by Indian children. "Taytay's Tales" and its successors still hold their place, and Mrs. De Huff is now known to many visitors as an intelligent lecturer on the "background" which even natives can never get to the bottom of.

The difficulty of getting to the bottom of New Mexico is, I suspect, why even a novelist like Harvey Fergusson ends by turning to chronicle—or interpretation. "Rio Grande" does not quite bear out the early forecast that local novelists of "Anglo" or even Spanish or Indian stock might swiftly arise out of old roots. When Arthur (Yvor) Winters was teaching in Los Cerillos high school he used to prophesy great things of the Spanish inheritors; but so far, we must grant, most of the forty Santa Fe authors are colonists; and of the native sons or daughters most, like Erna Fergusson or Ruth Barker, have so far worked in the objective realm rather than in the creative. "Dancing Gods" is a good book which has helped many intelligent people into the Pueblo mysteries. "Caballeros" is very much the reward of a pioneer family's picturesque inheritance. Peggy Pond Church, a pristine young poetess of "Anglo" blood, is probably the first real New Mexican to produce a book of undeniable poetic promise out of her region and her life, her still young life.

Writers' Editions, while seeking a business czar, intends publishing soon at least three more books: "Land of Horizontal Yellow," by Spud Johnson; a long poem of John Gould Fletcher's about America, today, tomorrow, and yesterday; and Long's "Sonatas," prose poems published in part in *Space*, a new and excellent "little magazine," edited in Oklahoma, but drawing heavily on Santa Fe talent. Beyond this small and rather esoteric group, we have the novelists, the other poets,—for instance Axel Clark—the writers of mystery, adventure, and detective stories. I think of Raymond Otis, a young author once of Chicago, who has already published "Fire in the Night," the first story to deal with the Santa Fe social pot pourri. Otis promises to do more and better with a forthcoming Penitente novel. He has some of the characteristics of the woodland creature, even to faun ears, and eyes set a little crooked in his head,—he will bear watching. So will Phil Stevenson, the communist and correspondent of the *New Masses*. Then there is Marion Winnick, the author of "Juniper Hill" who rides horseback and lunches at the Fonda every day, plans the rest of her trilogy, and talks with a very New England or Bostonese accent. And there is Ina Sizer Cassidy, the Western breezy widow of a well-known Santa Fe artist, who has done much journalism and is now collecting Navajo poems—she of course not reckoned among the novelists.

Such are the writers of Santa Fe whom many dangers seem to confront: the danger of provincialism or homesickness for Eastern roots—for though the planes bring East and West together, writers are rarely fliers, and newspapers come late and slow—of becoming a prey to the near-writer and appreciative, uncritical circle that steadily grows in a place so charming to live in as this; of falling victim to the summer visitor, disrespectful of working hours; and finally of succumbing to the monumental, indifferent abundance of the land itself, with its recurrent festivals native or fabricated, its round of balls and doings; a prey to the sun, magical, restorative and indolent.

* *

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant is actively interested in Indian affairs, and for several years has lived much of the time in Santa Fe. She is the author of "Fire Under the Andes," a book of contemporary character sketches.

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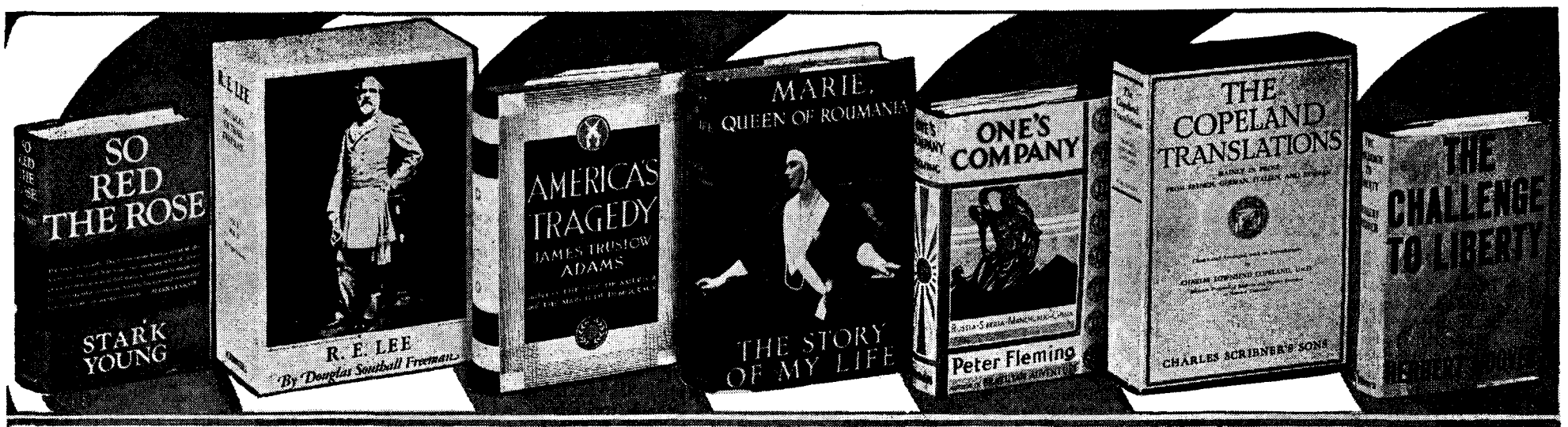

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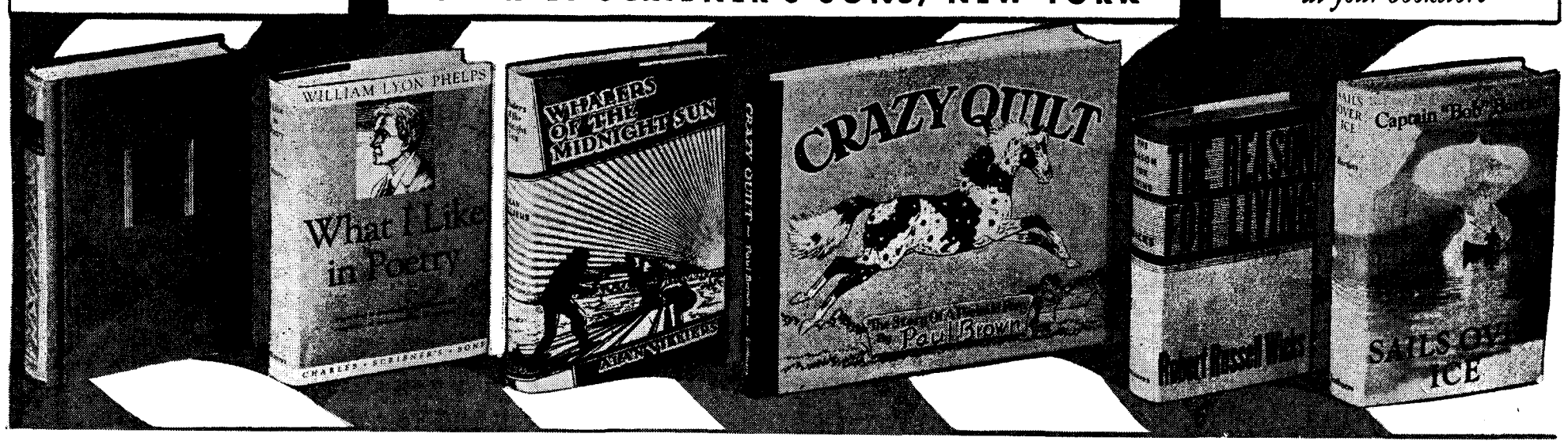

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The American Review

Edited by Seward Collins

In spite of appearances, the Collectivists, the Sociologists, the Progressive Educationists, the Psychoanalysts, the Self-Expressionists, the Dialectical Materialists, the sub-human literary geniuses—they are not having it all their own way these days—not in the eyes of those who have found a monthly magazine which has developed to a fine point the useful art of catching "modernists" on the raw. . . . Take the Sociologists for instance (perhaps not a major menace, but a noisy one)—and glance through the following, which made AMERICAN REVIEW readers chuckle a while ago:—

VENITE, EXULTEMUS SOCIOLOGO

O come, let us sing unto Sociology; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our group consciousness.

Let us come before her presence with thanksgiving; and show ourselves glad in her with projects.

For Sociology is a great Hope; and a great Light above all Hopes.

In her hand are all the varieties of the experimental method; and the strength of statistics is hers also.

The Social Group is hers, and she made it; and her hands prepared the charts thereof.

O come, let us study and fall down; and let us do case studies before Sociology, our Guide.

For she is the Maker of all Contacts; and we are the people of her Adjustments and the sheep of her Complexes.

O worship Sociology in the beauty of the Group Spirit; let both the privileged and the underprivileged stand in awe of her.

For she cometh, for she cometh to evaluate the earth; and with statistical measurements to judge the world, and the peoples with an intelligence test.

Glory be to Sociology, to Statistics, and to the Group;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. AMEN.

* * * * *

Of course this is but one of the points at which the many-headed monster of modernism can be attacked—and it is exhilarating, as one turns the pages of THE AMERICAN REVIEW, to see these keen swordsmen at work exposing the thousand fallacies to which our generation is heir—Belloc and Chesterton, Paul Elmer More and Herbert Agar, Christopher Dawson and Hoffman Nickerson, Wyndham Lewis and T. S. Eliot, Donald Davidson and John Crowe Ransom, Robert Shafer and Norman Foerster, Allen Tate and Howard Roclofs (who wrote the Canticle above)—Humanists, Southern Agrarians, neo-Scholastics, Distributists, others whose common bond is that they stand as defenders of the sane, central traditions of Western culture against the seductive aberrations of the day. . . . And theirs, needless to add, is by no means a work of destruction only; for they develop a positive programme along the whole front of the warfare of ideas.

* * * * *

Whether you are a convinced "modernist"—or a modernist for want of something better to be—or an anti-modernist without quite knowing the reason why—THE AMERICAN REVIEW has something intellectually exciting and important to offer you.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by H. J. C. Grierson and G. Bullough. Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.

This is a compilation as highly to be recommended as "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." It is fit to stand upon the shelf with all the distinguished Oxford anthologies. The preface is an astute one, the selections highly satisfying, the scholarly industry and acumen apparent, without the sacrifice of that highly necessary recognition of the spontaneous element in poetry. This book fills a gap between the Oxford Books of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Also, among the many Oxford books since the famous first with a range from A. D. 1250 to 1900, edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, we have had the "Oxford Book of Regency Verse," the Victorian, the "Oxford Book of Ballads," the one of "English Mystical Verse," and then those in various other languages. Suffice it to say that the present book does not shame the company in which it finds itself in the matter of the selections; and of course the seventeenth century was one of the most robust eras of English song.

W. R. B.

Fiction

DARK WINDOWS. By Velia Ercole. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.

The one character Miss Ercole seems to have most keenly desired to recreate in this drab novel of provincial French life—Julie, orphaned daughter of mixed Australian-Breton heritage—comes off worst of all. It may be that the author desired to make of her something of a ninny, to contrast her imaginative Anglo-Saxon strain with the stolid, materialistic impulses of her Breton relations, but the production of a character who wanders in a wide-eyed, simple-minded way through her novel goes no distance at all to set off these respective traits.

Julie came to live in Brittany with her aunt and cousins, when her father died. She had already created a legend about them, but the one she encountered did not jibe with her preconceptions. They were a dour bunch; living in the ancestral home, amid dark cumbersome furniture, in rooms that rarely saw the sun, they occupied their lives with eternal quarrels that generally had their roots in money. Miss Ercole has given life to two of them—Julie's matriarchal old aunt, and one of her children, Marthe, harnessed to a dying man and hankering for a living. But the reality they possess is not the reality of living people; the author knows them; she has been at pains to set down their peculiarities of temperament; she can infect the reader with Julie's own depression in their presence, but they move through these pages in two-dimensional guise—people we have heard about but can never touch.

A. C. B.

THE HOUSE AND THE SEA. By Johan Bojer. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.50.

Bojer has always been popular for the brisk and efficient way in which he has treated ethical, religious, or social subjects. The reader can be sure of finding in any of his books an intelligent, well-written discussion of contemporary topics or contemporary life. In an age when the novel has become more and more introspective, his novels exist to prove the popular vitality of the discussion of social issues.

"The House and the Sea" is in his best vein; the issue is joined on the second page: internationalism versus nationalism; religion versus ethics; peasant opposed to aristocrat. Two young law students, one with the traditions of the office-holding aristocracy behind him; the other with a peasant background, start their careers just before the World War. The critical test of their ideas comes during the period of Norway's successful neutrality when Norway became momentarily of international importance because of her great shipping interests. Pram, the aristocrat and idealist, succumbs to the urge for easy money, speculates, and ends the war as a convicted embezzler; Nygard, the peasant, loses the liberality of thought that he had begun to acquire and changes to a mood of narrow self-righteousness. It is not a pleasant picture that Bojer draws of modern neutrality—financial success built on blood and waste—but it is a very true one of human greed.

Bojer has a happy facility in telling a narrative swiftly and smoothly and in using all the tricks of suspense and drama that hold the reader's interest. He can draw details accurately and well—a dinner party, a deserted street, an episode in a child's life. His style, moreover, can be easily translated into a smooth and idiomatic English that removes any flavor of foreignness from the book. (Incidentally Mr. Ager, the translator, has here done excellently well.) But—and it is a large but—he does not create his characters in a sufficiently rounded form so that the reader can enthusiastically identify himself with them, or feel a keen and intense sympathy with them. This book is an exceedingly interesting series of well drawn pictures, an intelligent appraisal of human values, a good formulation of fundamental issues—and that perhaps is enough; one should not insist on all the fundamental merits of fiction in one small book.

Miscellaneous

THE HASIDIC ANTHOLOGY. By Louis I. Newman. Scribners. 1934. $5.

We shall not pretend that we have read through this very generous book. It is not the sort of book we should want to read through at any one time. It is not so much a book as a mine, into whose riches you may enter, guided by the most thorough of indexes, in search of whatever you need. Is it a word on death?—you will find that the Gerer Rabbi said:

> Why does a man fear to die? Is he not returning to his Father in Heaven? The reason lies in this: in the World-to-Come a man obtains a clear retrospect of all his deeds upon earth. When he perceives the senseless errors he has committed, he cannot abide himself. Therein lies his Purgatory.

Is it a way to face adversity you seek?—you will learn from Rabbi Bunam who

> saw a Jew in danger of drowning. He noted that the man was about to abandon the struggle, and shouted to him: "Give my greetings to the Leviathan." The drowning man smiled at this. Thereby he regained his presence of mind, and was able to hold himself afloat until friends rescued him. Relating this, Rabbi Bunam remarked that prayer with a joyful heart and a cheerful countenance attains to the Lord, but prayer with outcries and lamentations may be wasted.

The layman interested in the commentaries of Jewish sages will find practically every mundane preoccupation considered here in quaintly naive legend, significant parable, and shrewd aphorism; but he may find the pietistic emphasis of this collection somewhat oppressive. He should however read the comprehensive introduction Rabbi Newman has provided in order to understand the nature of Hasidism, which flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in eastern Europe: a compound of pious delight in every aspect of earthly existence and pious faith in a life to come.

I. F.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

New Paths in Book Collecting. Ed. J. Carter. Scribners. $3. *More Truth Than Poetry.* M. T. Phillips. Pittsburgh: Observer Pub. Co. $1. *A Detached Observer.* A. McDowal. Ed. M. McDowal. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Contemporary Biography. M. Longaker. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $2.50. *Through Two Generations.* H. M. Du Bose. Revell. $1.50. *Little Journeys.* E. Hubbard. Wise. $2.90. *John Frederick Oberlin.* M. Dawson. Willett. $1.50.

DRAMA

The Children's Hour. L. Hellman. Knopf. $2. *Sanctity.* V. Clifton. Sheed. $1.50. *The Emperor Jones.* E. O'Neill. Appleton-Century.

EDUCATION

Black Angels of Athos. M. Choukas. Day. $3. *Leaders and Leadership.* E. S. Bogardus. Appleton. $3. *Aids to Historical Research.* J. M. Vincent. Appleton-Century.

HISTORY

The Causes of the German Collapse in 1918. Selected. R. H. Lutz. Stanford Univ. Pr. $4.

INTERNATIONAL

The British Way to Recovery. H. Heaton. Univ. of Minnesota Pr. $2. *Conflicts of Policy in the Far East.* G. H. Blakeslie. World Peace Foundation. 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Song Celestial on Bhagavad-Gita. Sir E. Arnold. McKay. *Pardon My Accent.* H. Cullinan. Norwood. Mass.: Plimpton. *The Cosmic Cycle.* M. W. Kurniker. McKay. *Dictionary of Foreign Terms.* C. O. S. Mawson. Crowell. $2. *The Wilfrid Wards and The Transition. 1. The Nineteenth Century.* M. Ward. Sheed. $3.75. *Nine Lives.* C. Marriage. Longmans. $3. *Follow My Leader.* Longmans. $3. *Food Buying Today.* A. Todoroff. Chicago: Grocery Trade Pub. House. *Map of Boston Common.* G. Tyng. Little. *The Book of Speed.* Scribners. $2. *Tack Room Tattles.* J. McKenney. Scribners. $4. *Anchor Contract Building.* A. Jensen. Oxford Univ. Pr. $1. *Our Vanishing Hair.* C. Nessler. New York: Alwyn-Schmidt. $2. *International Economic Relations.* Univ. of Minnesota. Pr. *Tests and Measurements in the Social Sciences.* T. L. Kelly and C. C. Krey. Scribners. *A System of Logistic.* W. V. O. Quine. Harvard Univ. Pr. $4.50. *Organized Labor in Mexico.* M. R. Clark. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $2.50. *The Social Foundations of Education.* G. S. Counts. Scribners. $3. *William Vaughn Moody.* D. D. Henry. Humphries. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

The Eternal Quest. W. Kirkconnell. Winnipeg, Can.: Columbia Press. *Health for Man and Boy.* W. F. Snow. American Hygiene Ass. 3 pamphlets. 10c each.

PHILOSOPHY

Beauty and Human Nature. A. R. Chandler. Appleton. $3.50.

REISSUES

Maria Chapdelaine. L. Hemon. Modern Library. 95c.

RELIGION

Christianity and Social Progress. S. Mathews. Harpers. $2. *Realistic Theology.* W. M. Norton. Harpers. $2. *The Burden of Belief.* I. V. Coudenhove. Sheed. $1.25. *Fine Linen for Purple.* A. G. Paisley. Scribners. $2. *Religion Renounces War.* W. W. Van Kirk. Willett. $2. *Form Criticism.* Trans. F. C. Grant. Willett. $2.

"George Bernard Shaw

in a recent book (Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God, p. 67) states:

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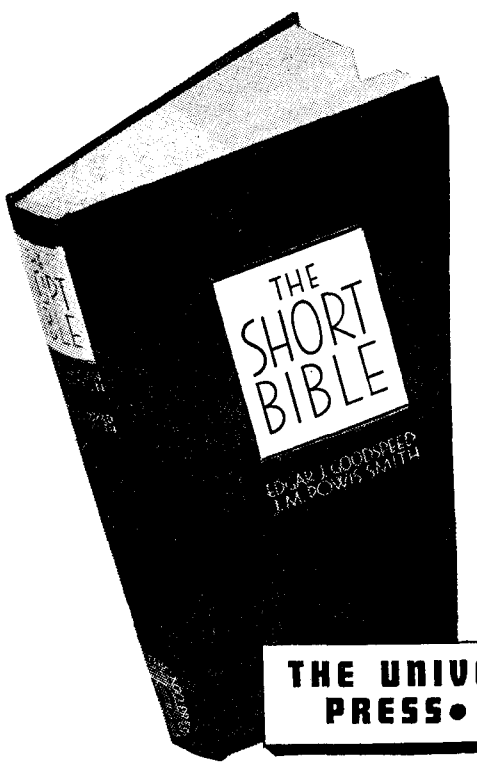

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Books for Christmas Giving

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We'll heave the capstan round. . . .

YOU see, we have a little list, and a hangover from the d'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and as a result we've recklessly given to their enchanting refrains some inches of the paltry column and a quarter which is all we can allow ourself in this issue for suggestions for Christmas book giving. If, through yielding to our enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan, we've jostled out some of the books which should have had mention, "the task of filling up the blanks, I'd rather leave to *you*. . . . You may put 'em on the list." And so to business!

To make up for the time we've lost in idle chatter we'll present you with a suggestion which ought to appeal to whole families, even unto the "sisters and the cousins, and the aunts." (We've shuffled off "The Mikado," but we don't seem to be able to shake free of Gilbert.) For Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations" (Dodd, Mead) we personally would gladly give up any three other volumes of the season's grist which we don't as yet possess. (How's that for hedging?) It's a noble reference work if ever there was one, containing over 70,000 inclusions, and admirably arranged so as to facilitate the finding of the most elusive quotation. Every well-equipped library, home or otherwise, ought henceforth to contain a copy. Also, while we're on the subject of reference works there's another we'd like to suggest as an excellent Christmas gift, "The Concise Oxford French Dictionary" (Oxford University Press), edited by the late Abel Chevalley and his wife, Marguerite Chevalley.

But of course we know that there are many of your friends who would prefer fiction to reference books as Christmas gifts. For such of them as are specially interested in the contemporary American scene you can choose from among Ruth Suckow's "The Folks" (Farrar & Rinehart), Helen Hull's "Morning Shows the Day" (Coward-McCann), Samuel Rogers's "Dusk at the Grove" (Little, Brown), Josephine Johnson's "Now in November" (Simon & Schuster), a story of Middle-Western farm life which has won for its youthful author the loud plaudits of critics, Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill" (Farrar & Rinehart), the chronicle of a Fall River family of "shady" sort, which, launched without fanfare, surprised the discriminating into acclaim, William Saroyan's collection of short stories entitled "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Random House), the literary sensation of the hour and the product of an interesting and perhaps an important talent, and Booth Tarkington's "Little Orvie" (Doubleday, Doran), in which boyhood parades in the manner of "Penrod" but in considerably more youthful guise.

So long as we are making recommendations for the friend whose interest in his own country is lively, we might as well let such foreign novels as "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" and "The Proud and the Meek" wait while we go off on another tack and present a group of non-fiction books. Even though we were not (as we are) particularly inclined to anything that he might write, we are quite sure that we should find Henry Seidel Canby's "The Age of Confidence" (Farrar & Rinehart) a fascinating book. For here, seen in the retrospect of a thoughtful mind, is a cross section of what America was in the nineties, the reflection of a life more leisurely than today's, more simple, perhaps more capable of contentment. Mr. Canby has looked back upon his early years in Wilmington with affection but with critical detachment and written of existence in his city as he knew it with insight and penetration. Your friend, too, would undoubtedly enjoy "The Sentimental Years" (Appleton-Century), a study of an earlier period than Mr. Canby's, the years 1836-1860, and a book full of interesting detail and delightful illustrations. Still, your friend may be interested in the present and the future of America rather than its past; if so, give him Joseph Dorfman's "Thorstein Veblen and His America" (Viking), an excellent biography with an economic slant most pertinent to the discussions of the hour, or Norman Thomas's "Human Exploitation" (Stokes), or "The Open Door at Home" (Macmillan), by Charles A. Beard and G. H. S. Smith, a rather technical but important study, or Secretary Wallace's "New Frontiers" (Reynal & Hitchcock), the exposition, by a practical idealist, of the tenets which the New Deal hopes to make prevail.

And now shall we go back to the fiction we so abruptly abandoned a short time ago? No, we think we'll see our country through first before faring forth into other fields. There's an interesting batch of books for the student of American history, beginning, in James Truslow Adams's "American Tragedy" (Scribner's), as far back as the arrival of the first slave ship in this country, and coming down to as recent times as the Hoover administration in Irwin Hoover's "Forty-two Years in the White House" (Houghton Mifflin), the chronicle of inside life in the Presidential mansion from the time of the second Harrison up to that of the second Roosevelt during all of which administrations Mr. Hoover served as White House usher. Three biographies of recent months have stood out as of special importance, Douglas S. Freeman's "Robert E. Lee" (Scribner's), which has at once taken first place in its field; David Z. Muzzey's "James G. Blaine" (Dodd, Mead), packed with authoritative information, and George Fort Milton's "The Eve of Conflict" (Houghton Mifflin), a scholarly, discriminating, and judicial biography of Stephen Douglas and, through the "Little Giant," of his times. Good history, too, though history of more designedly dramatic sort are Frederic F. Van de Water's colorful and excellent life of that spectacular figure of the days of Indian warfare, Custer, to which he has given the title, "Glory-Hunter" (Bobbs-Merrill), and Parker Morell's "Diamond Jim" (Simon & Schuster), a biography of that well-nigh incredible figure of Broadway life whose jewels, listed at his death, would have furnished a king's ransom.

And now we can go back to fiction and to novels which deal with other lands than our own. Foremost among them are "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" (Viking), by Franz Werfel, the story of the heroic resistance of a band of Armenians against the Turkish army and, in its wider implications, an epic portrayal of national integrity in defiance of oppression, and "The Proud and the Meek" (Knopf), by Jules Romains, the latest volume in the panoramic depiction of contemporary Paris which is appearing under the collective title of "Men of Good Will." In contrast to these works of large calibre is the entertaining "Jasmine Farm" (Doubleday, Doran) of "Elizabeth," gay, clever, and amusing if of no large importance—the sort of book to send to an invalid friend who craves diversion. Part of its scene is laid in England, part on the Riviera, a region where "Elizabeth" is at her happiest. Quite charming in its protrayal of simple folk who would be amusing were they not so pathetic in their naiveté and stupidity is Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara" (Smith & Haas), which for all its pleasantry is a bitter political satire. This is a good book for your friend who watches fascist developments with interest or fear. For him to whom a religious subject makes appeal nothing could be more appropriate than Thomas Mann's impressive "Joseph and His Brothers" (Knopf). Alas, we have reached the end of our column. All that we can do is to add without comment two titles that should make welcome gifts: "The Smart Set Anthology" (Reynal & Hitchcock), edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin and "Logical Nonsense" (Putnam), a complete one-volume collection of the humorous works of Lewis Carroll.

And so we cease until next week.

A. L.

LITERARY CRITICISM IN ANTIQUITY

by J. W. H. Atkins

A sketch of the development of literary criticism which provides a thorough and comprehensive background for the study of modern criticism. The author has produced a very full account with more detail than is to be found in earlier works on the subject. Professor Atkins writes lucidly and attractively and displays a fine judgment as well as a thorough knowledge of his subject.

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE BOHEMIAN PEOPLE

S. A. J. of Portola, Calif. *is desirous of securing a book on the Bohemian people which will give her information on their religion, customs, works, habits, etc.*

THE work which best seems to cover the aspects of Bohemian civilization in which S. A. J. is interested, at least the work of the sort that is general enough to hold the attention of the non-scholastic reader, is Jessie Mothersole's CZECHO-SLOVAKIA (Dodd, Mead). This is a combination of history and travel book, presenting a succinct account of Bohemian annals, together with portrayal of the manners and customs of the people and description of towns, country, buildings, churches, etc. It is informed, lively, and understanding. Perhaps the most enlightening book on the cultural aspects of Bohemian history is V. Nosek's THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA (Brentano), which is a survey of Czech history, music, and literature, with special emphasis on music. S. A. J., if she wants an inside account of political events of recent years, should read THE MAKING OF A STATE (Stokes), by T. G. Masaryk, who turned from academic pursuits to the presidency of the post-war Czecho-Slovakia.

SOUTHERN FICTION

R. E. S. of Swarthmore, Pa., *is interested in Southern regional fiction, and desires a list of novels dealing with Southern life past and present which may be regarded as among the best and most representative of the past few years.*

There has perhaps been no more marked feature of the literature of the past decade and a half than the output of novels on and from the South. And no longer are these novels of the romantic type which for years after the Civil War sung the litany of a defeated people; indeed, quite to the contrary, their outstanding characteristic has become a stark realism. To the ringletted maidens and chivalrous youths of an earlier period have succeeded the poor whites, the mountaineers, the Negroes, and the mill-owners of a South becoming steadily industrialized. In the first flush of interest in the stiffening literature of the region there has, it must be admitted, been a tendency to forget those earlier realists of the South who, like Constance Fenimore Woolson and Charles Egbert Craddock, wrote with genuine insight and lively fidelity of the humbler inhabitants of the Southern states. They blazed a trail which has led today into many fields.

Among contemporary novelists, despite the general preoccupation with the lowly, the palm still goes to the author whose interest in the main has been with the aristocracy. No one of the writers of fiction in the South, indeed in the United States, has produced more distinguished work than Ellen Glasgow, who, beginning in the old tradition, became a pioneer of the new. In THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, and THE SHELTERED LIFE (Doubleday, Doran), she has depicted the fine flower of Southern culture at grips with a changing age. Wit, subtlety, and an irony that is never malicious but always caustic have lent to these portrayals of the conflict between the dying past and the emerging present a distinction which little of the fiction of the present century has attained. Though less coruscatingly brilliant than these comedies of manners, BARREN GROUND (Doubleday, Doran), a novel of the soil, in its portrayal of qualities universal to the struggle between man and nature, attains, to my mind at least, the highest point which Miss Glasgow's admirable art has reached.

In sharp contrast to the fine civility of Miss Glasgow's work is the unsparing naturalism of a writer like William Faulkner. Faulkner's world, as depicted in such books as SARTORIS, SANCTUARY, and LIGHT IN AUGUST (Smith & Haas), is the appalling world of perverts, degenerates, and men of savage primitive passions. He has power that cannot be denied, but to read him is to live in a nightmare of horror. Nor, though his depiction may be faithful to a degree, is it broadly representative of Southern life. As against his descriptions of the lusts of depraved men may be placed such a book as Elizabeth Madox Roberts's THE TIME OF MAN (Viking), a novel of mountain folk, grim in its unflinching portrayal of the meagreness of existence among an ignorant, poverty-stricken people, but shot through with a valiant spirit and poetry of mood. Something of the same lyrical quality resides in Marjorie Rawling's SOUTH MOON UNDER (Scribners), a tale of the Florida scrub country. A fresh breeze, too, blows through Roy Helton's NITCHY TILLEY (Harpers), the story of two young people who come from the country to the town. The distinction of a Pulitzer Prize has been bestowed upon the work of T. S. Stribling, who in his trilogy, THE FORGE, THE STORE, and UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL (Doubleday, Doran) has progressively pictured the South from Civil War days to the present.

As for the Negro, around him have centered some of the most effective and successful novels of recent years,—Du Bose Heyward's PORGY and MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS (Doubleday, Doran), with their scenes of Charleston life, Julia Peterkin's BLACK APRIL and SCARLET SISTER MARY (Bobbs-Merrill), plantation sketches, piquant in their small incident and a mine of negro superstition and lore; Roark Bradford's OL' MAN ADAM AND HIS CHILLUN (Harper's), on which Marc Connelly's GREEN PASTURES was based; Edward C. Adams's CONGAREE SKETCHES (Scribners), a collection of scenes from Negro life, and JONAH'S GOURD VINE (Lippincott), by Zorah Hueston, herself of the Negro race.

These are some of the more outstanding of the recent works more or less as they have popped into my mind. They are but a part of the recent Southern literature, but all, I am afraid, that space permits me to mention now.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEWIS CARROLL

"Do you know," writes V. G. of New York City," *of any books, treatises, or articles the authors of which are concerned with the philosophy or philosophical implications in Lewis Carroll's* ALICE IN WONDERLAND"?

Let me reply to V. G. with a question, before I begin to answer his. Does he know that there's a grand new book out for the lover of Lewis Carroll? LOGICAL NONSENSE (Putnam), edited by Philip C. Blackburn and Lionel White, contains the complete works of the author of ALICE, including besides that classic and its sequel, such familiar works as THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK and SYLVIE AND BRUNO and the much less known SYMBOLIC LOGIC, PHANTAMAGORIA, THE NEW METHOD OF EVALUATION AS APPLIED TO PI, THE ELECTIONS TO THE HEBDOMAL COUNCIL, and poems and papers of the very existence of which the average Carrollean enthusiast is hardly aware. In the brief introduction to this delightful volume Mr. Blackburn makes reference to ALICE and THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS as "classics of that most difficult form—purposeful nonsense," but it is not in them so much as in THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK that his commentators have sought for philosophical implications in the work of Dodgson. To be sure, Lewis Carroll himself said of that immortal work: "As to the meaning of the Snark, I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense." Nevertheless, Dean Wallace B. Donham of the Harvard Business School, and other men of serious occupation, have amused themselves at times with trying to decipher the allusions to general problems which they feel lie hidden behind the alleged fooling of Lewis Carroll. V. G. will find in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for March 18, 1933 an article in which Arthur Ruhl sets forth Dean Donham's theory that THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK symbolized a business depression similar to that under which we are still laboring, and in which he makes reference to Mr. Donham's identification of the Jubjub bird with Disraeli, and to earlier theories set forth in the Christmas issue of London *Mind* for 1901 under the title, "Snarkophilis Snobbs." Another article to which I can refer V. G. also first saw the light in the *Saturday Review*, a discussion by Mr. Canby, which now forms the introduction to The Limited Editions Club edition of ALICE IN WONDERLAND. In it Mr. Canby presents a translation into mathematical terms of some of Lewis Carroll's nonsense. Over against such interpretations should be set the views of a writer like Annie E. Moore who, in LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN (Houghton Mifflin), says apropos of the "Alices," "He had no facts to impart, no moral lessons to impress . . . and felt no obligation to be either logical or reasonable." So you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

Recommended to Readers of The Saturday Review

A BACKWARD GLANCE

By *Edith Wharton.* These charming memoirs by the author of "The Age of Innocence" and "Ethan Frome" form a chronicle of a rich past. "A book to be mulled over and enjoyed."—*N. Y. Times.* "May be read with unalloyed pleasure."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* Illustrated. $3.00

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IN addition to offering reduced rates on Gift Subscriptions (ONE to FOUR Subscriptions at $3.00 each, with even greater savings on larger quantities) *The Saturday Review of Literature* has prepared a special present* for each subscriber who orders (and pays for) more than one Gift Subscription.

This *Gift for the Giver* is a gay little twenty-page booklet with a cover in two colors containing seventeen of the most amusing literary cartoons published in *The Saturday Review* during the past year or so. Many grave treatises on literary criticism say less than these flagrant little pictures. . . .

Look over your Christmas list and you will be surprised how neatly *The Saturday Review* will fit into some of those important but difficult spots. Orders should be sent to the Subscription Department of *The Saturday Review* at 25 West 45th St., New York City. The recipient of every Saturday Review Gift subscription will receive a card bearing an appropriate Christmas Greeting and the name of the donor.

** Last year's present, "Reviewing Ten Years," which was offered on this same basis, is now gaining favor as a collector's item.*

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING

CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

Two Grabhorn Books

THE SPANISH OCCUPATION OF CALIFORNIA. 1934. 550 *copies.*

A CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH MISCELLANY. 1934. 550 *copies.*

THERE are several notable printers on the Pacific Coast, but the best and most interesting work comes from the press of Robert and Edwin Grabhorn. They have a well-deserved reputation for skill and originality in composition, while holding fast to the canons of good taste in the fundamental matters of spacing, margins, paper, and presswork. The two books in hand are good examples.

"The Spanish Occupation of California" consists of three documents: Plan for the Establishment of a Government, newly and correctly translated from the MS. in the Harvard College Library; Junta or Council held at San Blas May 16, 1768, now published for the first time from the MS. in the Huntington Library; and Diario of the Expeditions made to California, a third translation from the MS. in the Sutro Library. The introduction is by Douglas S. Watson.

The book is a thin, small folio, printed in red and black from Mr. Goudy's *Franciscan* type designed for the Grabhorn Press. Decoration (the whole book is decorative!) is supplied by several large lines of lively capitals, and two wood-cut portraits. There is a map of California in 1770. The binding is in linen back and paper board sides.

If this isn't the handsomest printed book of the year I am no judge of such matters. It is vigorous, good to look at, easy to read, and full of a zest which, though reminiscent of the best Spanish printing, has an excellency all its own.

The "Gold Rush Miscellany" contains the original journal of Alexander Barrington, letters from the gold mines, and reproductions of early maps, town views, broadsides, etc., with explanatory text by Jane B. Grabhorn. The illustrations are all from material owned by the Press, and here reproduced in black or colors, and on varous colored papers. The volume is a scrap-book, with all of a scrap-book's lack of unity and also its fascination. Printing and reproduction are all competently done—it is a good handling of a very difficult job.

The St. Albans Press

Private presses ought to have a *raison d'être* which will inspire respect and loyalty on the part of the public which buys its books or is interested in such matters. Probably the best reason for the establishment of such a press is a hobby of the owner's, and it really matters little what that hobby is provided it is ridden hard! A good case in point is the St. Albans Press, established in Washington by Mr. Stephen A. Hurlbut, a Latin master in the St. Albans School, connected with the Episcopal Cathedral at Washington. Therefore his interest in Latin authors and in Church music is natural. In order to give wider circulation to things which he liked himself, he bought a varied assortment of good European types and a press or two, and has diligently used them. He does all of the work of the Press himself, and has no inconsiderable quantity of finished work to show. The pieces vary in size, subject, and importance, but are strung together on the thread of his major interests.

A short notice of the press in Ransome's "Private Presses and Their Books," with a list of the issues to 1929, may be supplemented by the following list.

TYPE FACES AND A LIST OF BOOKS FROM THE ST. ALBANS PRESS. 1929.

KALENDARIUM. *Various sub-titles.* For the years 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

"HORTUS CONCLUSUS"; *A Series of Mediaeval Latin Hymns with Selected English Renderings.* 1. St. Ambrose of Milan. 2. Prudentius. 3. Venantius Fortunatus. 4. Anonymous Hymns. 5. The Carolingian Renaissance. 6. Peter Damiani. 7. Bernard of Cluny. 8. Adam of St. Victor. 9. Three Great Hymns of the XIIIth Century. 10. St. Thomas Aquinas. 1930-1934. 10 vols.

WHAT IS THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH? *By Very Rev. Wm. H. Nes.* Printed for the College of Preachers. 1932.

THE NICENE CREED, THE LORD'S PRAYER, AND THE CHIEF CANTICLES OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN LATIN AND IN ENGLISH. 1932.

FLORILEGIUM PROSODIACUM FLORENTINO-ERLANGENSE. *Edited from the Manuscripts by Stephen A. Hurlbut.* 1932.

WITH CAESAR IN FRANCE, *being the narrative of a personally conducted tour through the seventh book of the Gallic War. By Stephen A. Hurlbut.* 1933.

Something of Mr. Hurlbut's ideal for his press is contained in a note in the "Type Faces" above listed: ". . . the books may, I believe, lay some claim to a typographic interest apart from their contents. All have been hand-set by myself, and most of the impressions made on a hand press, with dampened paper. . . . Each book represents the collection of original material, from first hand sources if possible, and I have tried not to quote from any book or manuscript which I have not seen."

There is something of interest here; the Latin scholar putting his work and his favorites into type with his own hands, and printing for the very limited circle who like that sort of thing. The lack of "flourish" is characteristic, and the modest issues of the press should be treasured.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE DARK COMES EARLY *Pendleton Hogan* (Washburn: $2)	Historical Novel	Austin, Houston, Travis, and the rest of the boys who accomplished Texan Independence are among the characters of a novel with faults, but worth reading.	O. K.
EXPLORING THE WORLD WITH CARVETH WELLS (McBride: $3)	Pictorial	The author assembles his huge collection of photographs in itinerary fashion with running comment. He's travelled.	Engaging
WALK WITH ME, LAD *Anne Shannon Monroe* (Doubleday, Doran: $2)	Inspirational	Hypo for the depressed in the form of twenty new essays by one of the happiness girls.	Lovely
LOVE COMES TO SUSAN *Pamela Wynne* (Doubleday, Doran: $2)	Romance	The harassed Susan takes in boarders to battle the depression. They include Prince Charming.	Cream-puff
THE HANDS OF DOCTOR LOCKE *Rex Beach* (Farrar & Rinehart: $1)	Special	Still curious about the astounding activities of the famous Canadian toe-twister, Beach made another visit. The report.	Interesting

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Double-Crostics: Number 37

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

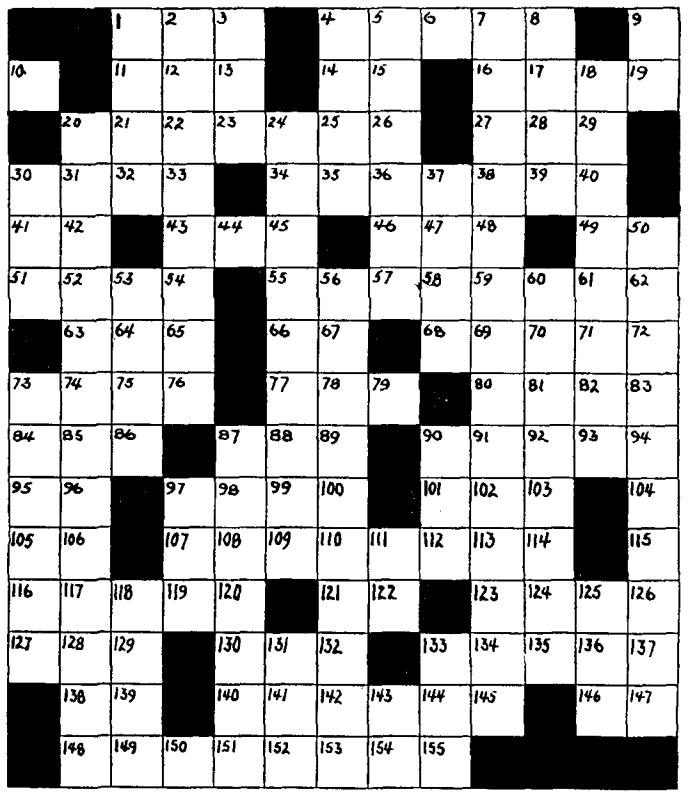
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

Don't let a little old-fashioned English keep you from enjoying an old-fashioned Christmas.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 82-9-27-38-91-74-47. Acute vexation, disappointment.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 121-141-109-70-60-135. An American President.	_ _ _ _ _ _
III. 124-119-17-143-68-97. Declaration, acknowledgment.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 125-115-81-7. One of the forty-eight states.	_ _ _ _
V. 6-25-105-150-40. A set of bells tuned in harmony.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 113-34-14-51. Poetic for very black.	_ _ _ _
VII. 4-50-20-62-71-145. Decayed, decomposed.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 26-11-37-85-95. To wind together, interlace.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 41-10-46-72-89. Hollow, muscular organ in the thorax.	_ _ _ _ _
X. 134-3-23-52-31-96. Number XI wrote many of these.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 90-127-98-80-56-36. A romantic composer for the piano.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 63-102-55-99-42-30. One of the twelve Apostles.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 67-53-1-58-12. A region of southern Egypt.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 123-49-22-114-128-120-108. An old-fashioned dance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 152-131-147-104-2-136-122-73. Displays ardor (colloq.).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 32-101-154-83-106-21-92-64-59. Transporting with delight.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 87-130-15-77-18-8-69. Bewildered, thwarted.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 88-33-78-118-100-142-76. Hawaiian musical instrument.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 54-107-133-140-153-35. A form of lottery.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 19-149-29-48-66-110-148. A German-Hebrew dialect.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 111-116-146-65-103-57-84. To twirl lightly.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 44-137-75-139-13-86-151. Bears witness to.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 112-155-28-126-94-138. Extent in space, time, or degree.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 129-39-24-79-5-45-16. Pertaining to a European country.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 93-43-117-132-144-61. A European country.	_ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 36)

WM. SHAKESPEARE—"KING HENRY THE FOURTH"

Brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG MAN, 38, refined, desires correspondence with Denver girl, preferably petite, interested in art, winter sports, life and laughter. Box 117-A.

AL: never mind the advance if you can get Politzer to do the jacket. Jim.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN in late thirties, described as attractive, temporarily located in WASHINGTON, D. C., would enjoy knowing gentleman under fifty who dances well and possesses social background. Would consider sharing expenses of occasional evening of dancing in order to enjoy best clubs and orchestras. Box 108-A.

WILL young man, New Yorker, undertake teach curious Miss appreciation fine arts, exchange dancing? Box 116-A.

WANTED—Good book on how to write a thesis for Master's degree in education. Box 121-A.

WESTERN PA., small-towner, would correspond with cultured man of 50. Box 122-A.

YOUNG LADY, 31, desires correspondence with unattached man who believes *Saturday Review* might introduce worthwhile persons. Ask above department for address. Box 123-A.

A1 SELLING PLAN for bookshop lacking mail-order department. Offers share in profits but not losses. Box 124-A.

"EXCELSIOR," said the gregarian. Why? Send 5c. The Mixing Bowl, 60 E. Ferry, Detroit.

UNKNOWN POETS! Cooperative magazine has self help plan publish you. Box 2450, Phila., Penna.

SINGLE young man desires acquaintance of young woman of good family and interested in music and life generally. Brooklyn.

REFINED intelligent young lady, 26, desires correspondence with cultured gentleman, preferably under 35. Harriette.

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LIFE has its dull moments for a lady living near Cincinnati, fond of dancing and books of verses underneath the bough. Gentlemanly tedium destroyers attention. Box 125-A.

PERSONALS

WIDOW, youthful, well educated, literary with Author's home overlooking beautiful lake desires to collaborate with and/or type manuscripts for established author. References exchanged. Write Squirrel Hill, Ashville, New York, Route One.

LONDON LETTERS FOR YOU? Why not have a weekly (or monthly) letter from London,—bright, newsy, regular, personal in tone? For further particulars, write to Evan Colebrook, c/o Westminster Bank, Ltd., Brockley Cross, London, S. E. 4, England.

IS THERE a nice widower (30-35) with small child, desiring to know cultured woman, 32, sincere, understanding intelligent, christian, university graduate, transplanted from Mid-West. Fond of out-of-doors, books, music, theatre, travel. Life threatens to become somewhat monotonous. Vicinity of The Oranges. Faith.

MACHIAVELLI.—The fine Italian hand has lost its skill, if last week's advertisement is the best you can do to persuade SRL readers to make Christmas Gift Subscriptions at $3.50 each. Why trump up phoney reasons when there are plenty of real ones? Priscilla.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN, twenty-five, talented, personable; desirable background, unlimited future-prospectus, seeks gentleman companion of refinement and integrity—preferably one not professionally ambitious. Box 126-A.

WOULD a gentleman enjoy roaming the Westchester byways with a young woman 35. Box 127-A.

YOUNG MAN, early forties, Jewish professional, seeks correspondence with young woman of culture. Replies in strict confidence. Box 128-A.

SOMEONE is looking for an understanding woman. Good housekeeper. Traveled, cheerful companion who enjoys life—plays contract and has a sense of humor. Box 129-A.

JOHN CROYNE—Regretful letter too late. Next time will prevent error. Box 130-A.

POSITION wanted by former French teacher, as companion to lady or one or two children. Afternoons. References. Box 131-A.

WANTED:—A co-partner in a well established Girls' Camp. Should be under forty, energetic, experienced. Box 132-A.

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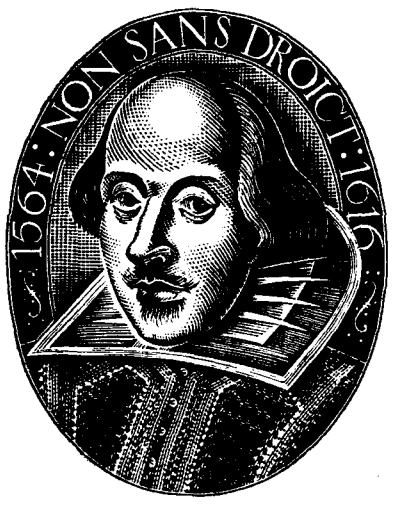
The AMEN CORNER



"The best news in the field of new editions is the publication of the most satisfactory one-volume edition of Shakespeare so far made available at a modest price," says the *New York Times Book Review*. "This is The Works of William Shakespeare as prepared for the Shakespeare Head Press by Arthur Henry Bullen, and published by the Oxford University Press at $3. The volume is a large octavo, tastefully and ruggedly bound in blue cloth, stamped in gold. In its 1,263 pages are included not only all the plays, but the sonnets and narrative poems as well. The type is very clear and of good size, and the names of characters are not run in with their speeches but given a separate line, a small point, but one frequently sacrificed to the reader's annoyance. One feature of this edition which will appeal to a great many readers is the arrangement of the plays in their chronological order, and not by the usual grouping into comedies, histories and tragedies. The volume contains a glossary." And the *Boston Transcript* says: "No one who is seeking a single volume Shakespeare will go astray if when he first sets his eyes on the Shakespeare Head Edition he says to himself: 'I need look no further.' . . . The readability of the book is among its most distinctive features . . . a clear type of noteworthy blackness. . . ." We quote these opinions as the shortest way of telling you about the greatest Christmas find in years. *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* is also bound in one of the most beautiful shades of red we have ever seen.

In the library of the Oxford University Press[1] we have seen so many charming books lately we hardly know which to select.

There is first *A London Child of the Seventies*[2]. "Bored, if not exasperated, by twentieth century asseverations that the nineteenth century was an age of horror and oppression for children, Mrs. Hughes has here set down her personal memories of her own mid-Victorian infant years, which were peculiarly happy and yet reasonably representative of the period," writes Isabel Paterson in the *Herald Tribune*.

A book of an even earlier period is *Mendelssohn and His Friends in Kensington*[3]. This book contains letters written from an old house in Church Street, Kensington, during the years 1833-6. The correspondents were two sisters, Fanny and Sophy Horsley, whose father, himself an organist and composer, was intimate with Mendelssohn, who was constantly at the Kensington house. The chatter of music and parties, the descriptions of friends, and pictures vividly drawn of life in the Court Suburb before Queen Victoria's accession, make this book a source of certain delight.

Speaking of musicians, *The Puritans and Music in England and New England*[4], by Percy A. Scholes, kills forever the old legend of Puritan dislike of music.

This brings to mind the Seventeenth Century and *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*[5] just published. With the appearance of this volume there is now an Oxford Book of Verse for every age, from the beginning of the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century.

But we can't begin to enumerate the treasures the Oxford Press offers for a booklover's Christmas. We advise you to write and ask them, too, for their list of beautifully printed editions of standard works in fine leather bindings and for the leaflet on the Oxford Reference Shelf—not forgetting the new *Concise Oxford French Dictionary*[6].

And now, "God rest you merry, gentlemen"[7] (and ladies)!

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $2.50. (3) $5.00. (4) $8.50. (5) $3.00. India paper, $3.75. (6) $3.00. (7) From the *Oxford Book of Carols*. $2.50.

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE is a letter from *Charles E. Merrill, Jr.*, of New York City, for whose judgment I have a great respect, referring to a review of mine in a recent issue of this journal of *James Gould Cozzens's* "Castaway." It rather jibes with a theory advanced concerning that book by *Malcolm Johnson* of Doubleday Doran & Co., which he outlined to me at a recent party given by *Charles Gilman Norris* at the Chatham. It may explore the true inwardness of the book, and I print Mr. Merrill's letter in justice to Mr. Cozzens. But I don't quite understand the second paragraph of it. It sounds rather cryptic.

> Isn't Mr. Lecky, in Cozzens's view, the human race, whose epitaph Miss Millay has just written? Mr. Lecky is surrounded by a practically unlimited supply of all the material necessities of life—and has no brains at all.
>
> And isn't The Idiot also the human race, and isn't it Mr. Lecky's delusion that he and it are not identical, and that in killing the Idiot he has committed suicide?
>
> If you have time and are interested, read "Castaway" again on that hypothesis which I gradually evolved during my first reading of the book, and which a second reading confirmed with an unexpectedly elaborate symbolism. *P.S.* It wouldn't surprise me at all if this is pure fancy on my part and all wrong; but it's matter for a small bet.

Boris Artzybasheff has done a most brilliant jacket for *Berton Braley's* narrative poem, "Morgan Sails the Caribbean." Berton certainly ought to be pleased! . . . I can recommend a book I have just glanced over. *Frank Swinnerton's* "The Georgian Scene" (Farrar & Rinehart). He knows all about Georgian England, the England of the present King George. He has known all the great writers. And I know Swinnerton, a little, and have always found him not only one of the most cordial and kindly of men, but one of the most astute, and, at his best, a corking writer! . . . If you are looking for a really first-rate one-volume *Shakespeare*, as why shouldn't you be, the Oxford University Press can now supply you with The Shakespeare Head compilation, a superb one-volume edition. It contains everything that Shakespeare wrote, and was planned by *B. H. Newdigate*, designer of the well-known Froissart and Chaucer. At three dollars, it's a prize! . . .

I pass on the information that Alexander Woollcott has written to Harper & Brothers, "I have given away my copy of 'Metropolis' but I have already ordered three more at my bookshop. Greater love hath no man." . . . Speaking of life being worth living, *Emma Goldman* has an article in the December *Harper's Magazine* entitled "Was My Life Worth Living?" She concludes that if she could live her life over again she would wish to alter some of the minor details. "But in any of my important actions and attitudes I would repeat my life as I have lived it. Certainly I should work for Anarchism with the same devotion and confidence in its ultimate triumph." She is still exiled from the United States, and living in Canada.

I like the looks of *E. Douglas Branch's* "The Sentimental Years," which has just come to my desk. The illustrations are gorgeous, and this seems to be an engrossing survey of the cultural, emotional, and economic life of the American middle class during the quarter-century before the Civil War. Features of that era were the cast-iron bath-tub, the collapsible bed, the non-sensual "female nude," Currier & Ives, temperance societies, "Woodman Spare that Tree!" "The Drunkard," mesmerism, phrenology, and the water-cure! . . . The December choice of the Literary Guild is an unusual sort of book called "America and Alfred Stieglitz" (Doubleday, Doran). *Stieglitz* has been called the central figure of the modern art movement in America, and this book has significance not only as a presentation of the life and work of Stieglitz himself but also as a record of numerous phases of American art. It is edited by *Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld,* and *Harold Rugg,* and includes twenty-four contributions by such eminent people as *Evelyn Scott, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Brett,* and *William Carlos Williams.*

The authors of the new party game, "Addlegrams," are really *William E. Spaulding* and *LeBaron R. Barker, Jr.*, of the Houghton Mifflin staff, although they jointly masquerade under the *nom de plume* of *Admiral Christopher Jettison.* . . . I've thought of another good name for an imaginary English admiral. How would Admiral Barnabas Barratry do? . . . *A. P. Herbert* has written a revue with *Ronald Jeans* for *Charles B. Cochran* in London, entitled "Streamline." It's now one of the successes over there. And one of the most popular sketches in it is a pastiche of Gilbert and Sullivan, in which Mr. Herbert reproduces Gilbert's knack of being pseudo-portentous in sentences two words long. For instance, the ducal father of twin heirs declining to say which is the elder, Perseverance looks up from under her sunbonnet and says, "Extravagant predicament!" . . . *Robert Innes Center* is now associated with the editorial department of Dodd, Mead & Company.

George P. Bissell of Wilmington sends me three stanzas written upon reading "Brinkley Manor." I have space to quote only one, with reference to the language of *Bertie Wooster:*

He's also very helpful in ticking off your foes
And by your language show you are not bluffin';
There's a "lower form of pond-life," a "blister," and an "oik,"
A "pop-eyed bleater" or a "poisoned guffin."

Certainly Wodehouse characters do evolve beautifully expressive epithets! . . .

"Gerald: A Portrait" has just appeared in England, and it is the biography of *Gerald du Maurier,* who died last summer, written by his daughter, *Daphne du Maurier,* who is a novelist like her grandfather, *George du Maurier.* They are a great family. Doubleday, Doran has now received the manuscript of the biography, and will publish over here. . . . The same firm announce that they, in coöperation with the London publishers, John Long, Ltd., offer a prize of two hundred pounds for the best mystery or detective novel submitted before the first of July, 1935. It must be written in or translated into English and must be about eighty thousand words or more. All manuscripts should be addressed to John Long-Doubleday Prize Novel Competition, John Long, Ltd., 35 Paternoster Row, E. C. 4, London. Authors may submit more than one novel and novels may be submitted under a nom de plume if the author wishes to do so. The prize winning novel will be published in the autumn of 1935 by both publishers. . . . Another competition: The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation for the encouragement of juvenile literature in America, Office 523 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California announces its annual prizes for the best original manuscripts of stories and plays for children, to be known as the *Julia Ellsworth Ford* Prize. The first prize is five hundred dollars, and there are five others on a graded scale of reward. The judges of the Awarding Committee for 1934-1935 are *Dr. Edwin Starbuck,* of the University of Southern California, Chairman; *Dr. Edwin Ford Piper* of Iowa State, *Chancellor Bowman* of Pittsburgh, *Dr. Hardin Craig* of Stanford, and *Percy Mackaye.* The prize winning stories or plays will become the property of the Foundation and will be published by it. They will also carry the regular royalties to the authors. All MSS. must be submitted in typewritten form accompanied by the necessary return postage, and must be addressed to the office of the Foundation and not to the judges individually. The Foundation is not responsible for the return of MSS., but will use every precaution. The contest is open to all and inquiries are welcomed. It is open from October first last to February 1st, 1935, and the prizes will be awarded at Easter time, 1935.

Trade Winds

By P.E.G. QUERCUS

☞Ted McCawley of Haverford, Pa., sends Quercus a clipping of an ad in a Philadelphia paper. It says

BOOKS
Book Seller Completely Mad
10c each—no ups. 2013 Market

☞Aren't we all is the Trade's only comment.

☞Sally Wild of Bullocks-Wilshire in Los Angeles writes that the December business is excellent, and Santa Claus has a Hansel-Gretel cottage on the roof just outside her book department. ☞Brentano's are showing in their Fifth Avenue window a selection from the Appleton-Century Company's historical collection, illustrating the course of publishing during the past hundred years. ☞Ray Peck, bookseller at 34 West 47 Street, has delighted the Baker Street Irregulars by gathering some thirty first editions of Conan Doyle. ☞The Stephen Daye Press (Brattleboro, Vermont) has just published *The Green Mountain Cook Book* and is busy fomenting controversy about maple syrup versus molasses. ☞Grant Richards in his very agreeable memoir, *Author Hunting* (Coward McCann) believes that no living publisher has had a greater thrill than his own when (after 25 years of waiting) he received the MS. of A. E. Housman's *Last Poems.* ☞Old Quercus, incidentally, often rereads the preface to that little book.

☞While in Chicago not long ago Old Q. had his handwriting analyzed by Muriel Stafford, the graphologist of the Chicago *Tribune.* She reported "The type of *y* you make shows both altruism and aggressiveness. I suspect that you may have been born in New England. . . . you are intense in your emotional reactions, intuitive, and often stubborn."

☞From Paul Rossetter of Marshall Field's Book Section we learned the correct name of that long pointed plant that grows on the backs of small china elephants; it is nicknamed (unfairly) "mother-in-law's tongue" but the botanical name is *sansavaria.* Paul Rossetter has charge of Poetry, Drama and Foliage at Field's; when Mrs. Hahner throws an Author's Day it is Paul who washes and rubs down the rubber plants and sansavarias.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. PINKERTON FINDS A BODY *David Frome* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	'Neath stately spires of Oxford nobleman and son's sweetie die violently. Mr. Pinkerton is very much involved.	Mr. P.'s uncanny genius for getting into scrapes and Inspector Bull's dogged deducing afford ideal entertainment.	Top-notch
JOURNEY DOWNSTAIRS *R. Philmore* (Crime Club: $2.)	Host of English house party stabbed to death. Percipient writing-gent aids police in killer-hunt.	One of the few "adult" mystery yarns and not afraid to skate on thin ice of "crime passionel."	Diverting
THE WHITE PRIORY MURDERS *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Movie star and producer killed in eerie Stuart love-nest. Bulky Sir Henry Merivale nabs the murderer.	Shudder-spangled background, gaudy characters and tangle of cross-purposes make shivery yarn.	Excellent
THE PERFECT ALIBI *C. St. John Sprigg* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fiery death of British munitions magnate solved by country constable, horsey young lady and journalist.	Layout of slightly insane suspects, handled in high good humor, adds to zest of unusually puzzling plot.	Good
THE EYES OF DEATH *John Bentley* (Crime Club: $2.)	London jeweller with shady rep. robbed and murdered. One more death before Baronet leads cops to criminal.	Rambling ratiocinations of Sir Richard Herrivell, impeccable investigator, slow up yarn until it almost expires.	Lethargic

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